THE
NATION

MAY 3, 1958 . . 25c

A DIPLOMACY for FREE MEN

by D. F. Fleming

WILL FRANCE PLAY IT SAFE?

by Alexander Werth

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LETTERS

Academic Freedom

Dear Sirs: The comments on academic freedom by Dean Louis M. Hacker of the Columbia School of General Studies [*The Nation,* April 12] are well taken. Some nine years back several hundred of us at the University of California, both faculty and graduate assistants, failed signally to gain acceptance for this same point of view.

It is, of course, ridiculous to lay major responsibility for the agony endured on one deceased Senator. Forces which have risen in every threatened culture from Bogota to Berlin employed the classic device of outmoded power to perpetuate its tenure. We must recognize that they achieved a signal success. Their rationale, in line with the purest dictums of Machiavelli, *was raison d'état.*

Ultimate decisions may well be affected by what university deans decide to do. Will they confine themselves to a discreet horror of the past, some decade after the event, or will they in time of uneasy peace prepare wisely for the dangers of war? Will they perhaps forestall later crimes by strengthening academic freedom when this freedom has a chance to build its sinews? Specifically, will any of them encourage the employment, for example, of a Sweezy, Huberman, Aptheker, Foner or Sillen?

WILLIAM DOYLE

Berkeley, California

Dear Sirs: Dean Hacker makes a point which has long been overlooked in discussions of academic freedom: ". . . the open University means that youth has the same rights we seek for ourselves as citizens to form its own clubs, maintain its own discussion groups and platforms, run its own newspapers—without let or interference on the part of University administrators or faculties."

Shortly before Dr. Hacker's lines were printed, all four editors of the Brooklyn College student newspaper resigned in protest against "interference" by the college administration with their paper's editorial policy. This is hardly the first instance of a dispute between the administration of President Harry D. Gideonse and student editors at Brooklyn College. . . . We feel that the continuing pattern of resignations, suspensions, expulsions, and withdrawals of recognition, particularly with regard to the student newspaper, justifies an investigation by some properly constituted responsible body. . . . It is likewise time that private groups with a professional concern for academic freedom, such as the American Association of University Professors, or the National Student Association, take a closer look at Brooklyn College.

MARVIN M. KARPATKIN

New York City

The G.P. in Medicine

Dear Sirs: Whether or not "the general practitioner is out-dated," as stated in Dr. George Silver's March 8 article, is a matter of opinion; but whether or not "he is rapidly disappearing" and there will soon be "only specialists to choose from," as stated in his letter in the April 12 issue, is a matter for statistical refutation. The rise of the American Academy of General Practice from zero to some 24,000 members in ten years is in itself evidence of the strength of general practice. . . .

Even in Dr. Silver's own city, New York, which is a stronghold of specialization, there are some two or three hundred members of the Academy, and one can safely infer several times as many general practitioners who are not members. This is a small fraction of the total doctors in the city, but it is not negligible, and the proportion is much higher elsewhere. With our aggressive program of postgraduate education, mandatory for Academy members, we are in a position to agree that "only highly trained" *physicians* can properly apply modern medical knowledge, but to deny that these must necessarily be specialists.

WILLIAM F. PUTNAM, M.D.
Secretary, New Hampshire Chapter
American Academy of General Practice

Lyme, New Hampshire

Bearding the Corporation

Dear Sirs: One morning recently, I walked into my office—I work for a large corporation—with three days' growth of hair on my face. For some time I had been considering growing a beard, and at last I had decided to do so. The first week my appearance was rather dismaying, but after that it improved.

A few days after my first bearded appearance, my vice-president saw me and told me that my beard "shocked" him. This was in bad enough taste, but he continued by asking for my reasons for growing it, and he was insulted when I refused to tell him. During the two extremely unpleasant interviews, he made the following points:

1. My beard might be offensive to some of my customers—not the average customer, but the odd one who might complain or stop using our services.

2. No man with a beard could appear presentable.

3. The average customer (sic!) has come to expect a certain type, which is neatly dressed and clean-shaven. The beard, then, would be offensive to the average client. (I was fairly bewildered at this point.)

4. A beard is essentially more offensive

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1958
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Operation "Fail Safe"

The debate in the Security Council over the Strategic Air Command's Arctic sorties added little to the handouts at Gromyko's news conference and the White House-State Department rejoinder, which shows the extent to which the permanent members of the Council have reduced that body to a mere echo chamber for the Big Two's endlessly reiterated recriminations. But, however hypocritical the Russian complaint may be on its face, if it is examined in the light of the developing technological situation it cannot be dismissed on Mr. Lodge's cavalier premise that all that is necessary is to outvote 'em. For all that one of its palpable purposes was to keep us diplomatically off balance, the Russian complaint is related to a real and present danger, and one which is bound to increase. On this account it will continue to attract uneasy attention: one defeat in the Security Council, or several, will not dispose of it.

The dispatch from the Omaha headquarters of the Strategic Air Command by Frank H. Bartholomew, United Press president, which gave Gromyko his opening, was no more than a rehash of magazine and Sunday supplement stories which have been appearing with S.A.C. cooperation for the past few months. Even if American magazines were his only source of air intelligence, Gromyko could have lodged his protest in January. But the State Department's rebuttal, to the effect that S.A.C. has never launched its hydrogen-loaded bombers "except in carefully planned and controlled exercises and practices," is both false and stupid. The second paragraph of Bartholomew's dispatch began, "This is not practice," and told of S.A.C. flights across the North Pole toward the Soviet Union which were prompted by radar images of "foreign objects flying swiftly toward the United States." The flights were aborted only because the images turned out to be radar static. The State Department press agents should read the output of the S.A.C. press agents. They should also read *Time*, which in its April 28 issue reveals that "the U.S. has even put S.A.C. alert crews into the air deliberately to reinforce U.S. diplomacy at precise pressure points, e.g., during Russia's threats of intervention in the 1956 Suez crisis, to show on Communist long-range radarscopes that the U.S. carries a thermonuclear stick big enough to last at least until the U.S.'s own big ballistic missiles are operational."

This is, indeed, the crucial issue. We are assured that all the S.A.C. maneuvers are perfectly benign, because unless a go-ahead in code is received by the bombers at a pre-designated "Fail Safe" line, they will automatically return to base with their loads. But manned bombers are obsolescent: the reason we are still putting our main reliance on them is that we haven't got operational missiles, and the reason S.A.C. is on fifteen-minute alert is that we are afraid the Russians do have them. Early next year we expect to have intermediate-range missiles at launching sites in Europe. *The Nation* pointed out editorially in its November 30, 1957, issue that "the officers in charge of these installations will have at most fifteen minutes' warning time of the approach of missiles from the East." We also called attention at the time to the fact that "long-range radar is another recent, complex and not always reliable development; it is possible to mistake artifacts generated within the circuits or harmless flying objects for approaching missiles." Dr. John J. Hagen has recently added satellites to the list of flying objects which, on the radarscope, may be indistinguishable from missiles. Where, sensible men may ask, will "Fail Safe" be when American IRBMs are based in Britain, France, Italy, Turkey, the Netherlands, Nationalist China and South Korea, and the Russian IRBMs, or a meteoric facsimile thereof, can fly both East and West? Mr. Lodge's collegiate joy over his defeat of Mr. Sobolev will be little comfort then.

The Press and William Heikkila

When the Immigration Service in San Francisco decided to dispose of a thorny deportation case by snatching the prospective deportee out of the country without giving him opportunity to communicate with his wife or notify his attorney, it evidently assumed that the only protests would come from confirmed civil libertarians and a few assorted "leftists." But for three days, the official abduction dominated the headlines in Bay Area newspapers, forcing even California's newly-acquired big league baseball into smaller type. Virtually every newspaper in the area headlined the incident

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as "kidnapping," and not always in quotation marks. In these stories Heikkila, an alien and an ex-Communist, received sympathetic treatment, as did his wife, who is a citizen. To the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the Immigration Service—"which frequently behaves like a terror agency of a police state"—had outdone itself with "a performance which outrages simple decency." The San Francisco *News* called the abduction "a leaf from the Gestapo manual," echoing Judge Edward P. Murphy, who said that it had "a smell of the Gestapo, the rack and the thumbscrew" about it. When the action was denounced by both San Francisco Congressmen—one a Republican, the other a Democrat—the head of the Immigration Service undertook an agonizing reappraisal and decided that an "error of judgment" had been committed.

The muscles with which the free press is supposed to defend popular liberties against repression have become flabby from non-use in recent years, but it is good to learn that they have not atrophied and that the national conscience has reawakened to a point which encourages their exercise.

Information About What?

Speaking of the press, its great lords and ladies have been meeting this week in New York and, as might be expected, the "right to know" slogan has been reverberating through the banquet rooms and meeting halls of the Waldorf-Astoria. The "right to know" campaign is, of course, thoroughly justified; there has been too much secrecy in government. The immediate danger, however, is not that the press's right to know will be infringed, but that government will continue to manipulate the right so successfully that people will no longer believe what they read. And the long-range danger is that the people will not defend the freedom of a press in which they have lost confidence. All this has been said before, but it has a special relevance in the spring of 1958. In no small measure the blackout of news by government agencies stems from the willingness of the press to serve as an instrument of national policy in waging the cold war. The cold-war setting is what has enabled Admiral Strauss to hoodwink the Washington press corps. Additional information was not needed in order to raise important questions about bomb-detection tests; discrepancies in official A.E.C. releases and handouts should have prompted these questions. Censorship did not prevent representatives of the American press and wire services from doing a better job in reporting on Soviet education and Soviet science in the pre-sputnik period. The truth is that the press, generally speaking, has "conformed," and its conformity has spread from cold-war policies to matters much less urgent. Nowadays, when a district attorney announces that he is launching a campaign against "crime," the newspapers dutifully carry his statement without bothering to remind their readers that the "crime" against which the campaign is to be directed consists of shooting craps at street corners or playing penny-ante poker in the backrooms of pool halls.

If the press needs more information from government agencies of the type that is now classified, the people stand in urgent need of more unclassified facts about such matters as the current recession. But at the moment one section of the press is conducting a campaign to put a rosy gloss on unemployment statistics, while another and larger section is all-out in its support of the "You Auto Buy Now" campaign without questioning in any manner the styling, pricing or production policies of an industry that remains, as always, one of the largest buyers of advertising space in American newspapers. And just how much does the press really need to know about the private life of Princess Soraya Esfandiary Bakhtiary in order to discharge those major public responsibilities which entitle it to the protection of the First Amendment?

Even the boys and girls who edit college newspapers sense that there is something a bit fishy about this "right to know" campaign. "How the devil," ask the editors of the *Daily Trojan* at the University of Southern California, "can intelligent newspapermen give that much space to junk like this [the Lana Turner love letters] when Algeria is on fire, Cuba is seething, the Russians are waging the propaganda war of the century and the national economy is in need of some good doctoring?" Granted that it is entitled to more information from government agencies, what the press stands most in need of at the moment is more courage, independence, initiative and, above all, skepticism.

Sowing the Dragon's Teeth

The latest concoction to give the Russians a chance to point to Americans as inveterate warmongers is S 3165, the nuclear-arms give-away bill. This measure provides for exchange of nuclear-arms information and the furnishing by Washington of materials for making nuclear arms to an ally "which already has a substantial nuclear-arms capability." For the present, only Great Britain could qualify, but the line forms on the right. France is painfully collecting enough plutonium for a small A-bomb and the French right-wingers will be enraged if anything is denied to *la Patrie* which the perfidious British have received from the nuclear dispensary. Nor will the French be long satisfied with mere uranium or plutonium bombs. Nothing but the best, i.e., hydrogen, will do. If the French have thermonuclear bombs, will the Germans be happy with less? Or the Italians? Or the Turks? It will be the nationalist version of keeping up with the Joneses.

The way in which such contagions spread is illustrat-

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ed by the case of Yugoslavia versus Italy. Things have been relatively quiet along the Adriatic for the past few years, but now the Yugoslavs are aroused because the Italians are shortly to receive American IRBMs, pointing East. The Soviet Union is in an easterly direction from Italy, but so is Yugoslavia, and of course missiles can fall short, accidentally or on purpose.

AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss had his doubts about exporting atomic information and explosives as late as last December, but now he is convinced of the necessity because of "the greater issue of the defense of the Free World." Congressman Chet Holifield has not been so easily brainwashed. "If this legislation becomes law," he has declared, "we enter a new phase of international peril. We cross the threshold of a journey from which there may be no return." Truer words have rarely been spoken.

Those Gooney Birds

Land-leveling operations have been recommended as a means of keeping albatrosses from soaring over Midway Island runways and tangling with aircraft. There have been no jet operations on Midway since last year, when one jet sucked an albatross into its engines. On this Pacific outpost, the albatross is known as a "gooney bird" (from "gony," meaning boob or dunce). Marines recall that the birds occasionally fall into gun pits and are "too stupid to know how to get out."

But we, the sovereign American people, are much smarter than these stupid birds. We permit the direct Los Angeles-New York airway to run squarely over Nellis Air Force base, which averages about 3,500 take-offs per month, and don't even warn military planes to keep out. Hours after forty-nine persons met their death when a jet plane crashed into an airliner in this unrestricted space, other military planes were executing dangerous aerial acrobatics in this same space, endangering the passengers and crews of two airliners. Much brighter than those dumb Pacific birds, we sanction rules which require civilian aviation to keep out of military air zones, but do not prevent military planes from using civil airways. An alert people, we divert government funds to the problem of outer space to a degree that, in the opinion of aviation experts, endangers research on everyday safety problems affecting civilian air traffic in these United States.

A good thing those gooney birds can't talk.

Revolt of the Consumers

Detroit and Fifth Avenue are facing one of the most sinister revolts in the history of free enterprise—the consumer is resisting the product. This is unprecedented, unheard-of and economically, if not politically, un-American. Americans love nice things and the business of business has always been to sell them what is nice. But they're not buying Edsels and they're not buying chemises and if this mood of unwonted independence continues they may jump over into a parallel alley and stop buying the Dulles foreign policy.

The revolt in cars and women's fashion has taken place because the manufacturers, living in the deep parochialism of their own products, have forgotten what it is they are selling. A car is a machine that gets you from here to there in sufficient comfort and safety at a cost per mile which can be related to the pleasure or convenience enjoyed. A dress is a covering that keeps a woman at a comfortable temperature and suggests that she is a well-proportioned example of her species. Obviously a great many variations can be played within these definitions. But the manufacturers, worshipping the god of obsolescence, keep pushing at the edges of the definitions until finally they produce something which is only incidentally a convenient means of transport or a seemly cloak for nakedness. The public then asks, "Is *this* a car; is *this* a dress?" and heresy is abroad in the land.

Washington, which after all is only business in striped pants, also forgets what it is making through preoccupation with what it can sell. Will the public buy massive retaliation, will the DEW line catch its fancy, will a summit meeting add some zilch to the spring model of diplomacy? Until someday someone looks at this expensive and ill-fitting conglomeration of gadgets and furbelows and asks, "Is *this* a foreign policy?"

Atlas Shrugs at City College

For reasons which some of its students would call scarcely perceptible, the City College of New York last week celebrated Academic Freedom Week. Since the McCarthy hearings, student organizations have been forced by campus rule to file membership lists with the administration. The files are supposedly private, but the student fear is that Army or FBI questioners who come to the school for information might see the record. Since the rule was passed, chapters of the Students for Democratic Action, the Young Democrats, the Young Liberals and the NAACP have died out on the campus. One of the student sponsors of Academic Freedom Week sadly explained, "The kids feel any political action at all is 'Communistic.' We even had a hard time selling our 'Academic Freedom Week' buttons for a nickel apiece."

Into this country of tired and anxious young men and women came a handful of outside speakers to celebrate freedom. Representing the Right was Ayn Rand, author of the best-selling *Atlas Shrugged*, a novel which puts into fictional form the highest ideologies of the National Association of Manufacturers. On the same dias was Robert McKay, professor of law at

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New York University and a member of the Academic Freedom Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union. The 200 students (the largest gathering of the week) who heard Miss Rand and Mr. McKay agreed on one thing: the former was much more Right than the latter was Left.

Still, the 'way, 'way Left had its day, the next afternoon. William Albertson, New York State secretary of the Communist Party, who has so far escaped the Smith Act and was therefore reluctantly permitted to speak, appeared before an even dozen listeners who no doubt represented the most fearless members of the student body. They sat patiently as Mr. Albertson, a horn-rimmed, weary man of middle age, droned out the tattered clichés of his trade. The wind stirred gently the red velvet draperies that rest along the high windows of the Finley Hall Grand Ballroom. From outside, the music of the band playing *Varsity Drag*, an anthem of the Lost Generation, could faintly be heard. One of the girls who fought for the right of Mr. Albertson to speak in her school—a girl of what we call the Silent Generation—passed a scribbled note to a friend beside her. It read: "I shudder to think that this is what we made such a fuss over."

A DIPLOMACY for FREE MEN . . *by D. F. Fleming*

PEOPLE ARE becoming increasingly aware that the United States is not doing well in that great conflict of governmental and national wills which we call the Cold War.

Why is it that the struggle goes against us? Why is it that despite our world-wide ring of alliances, our vast productive potential and our remarkable achievements in arming for war, the past decade has left us worse off than before? Why is it that after eleven years of huge expenditures and enormous effort, no position of strength has been achieved, democracy is not being extended, and neither communism nor the influence of the Red bloc has been contained? Even our own internal liberties are less secure.

Thirteen years ago last month Franklin D. Roosevelt died, an hour after he had cabled to Churchill about certain disagreements with the Soviets in ending the war with Germany:

> I would minimize the general Soviet problems as much as possible, because these problems, in one form or another, seem to arise every day and most of them straighten out, as in the case of the Berne meeting. We must be firm, however, and our course thus far is correct.

Eleven days after Roosevelt's death, President Truman gave Molotov a very severe castigation in the White House on the subject of Poland, an area through which the Soviet Union had been invaded disastrously three times since 1914. Truman did this against the advice of his three elder statesmen, Stimson, Marshall and Leahy (see William D. Leahy, *I Was There*, pp. 351-2; Walter Millis, *The Forrestal Diaries*, pp. 48-51). By September, 1945, Mr. Truman had made up his mind to treat the Soviet Union as an unfriendly state and to contain her, though after the failure of the Churchill address at Fulton, Missouri, in March, 1946, he did not find an occasion for the Truman Doctrine until March, 1947 (see the authoritative articles by Arthur Krock, *The New York Times*, March 23, 25, 1947).

Thereafter action and reaction combined rapidly into the vicious spiral of a great power fight, with the inevitable cyclonic accompaniment of an arms race in the atomic era. This conflict whirled ever faster until the United States had the giant territories of both the Soviet Union and China ringed with patchwork alliances and powerful armed bases. By June 12, 1957, NATO head General Norstad was able to say that we could with "relative impunity" attack the Soviets from a 360-degree perimeter dotted by 250 Allied bases. It was "absolutely essential," Norstad added, that we keep the Soviets always faced with the certainty of destruction.

Then, on August 27, 1957, Russia announced that she had the ICBM and proved it by hoisting the two heavy sputniks on October 4 and November 2. Since then it has become clearer daily that soon *we* can be attacked by giant jet bombers, by ICBMs and by IRBMs launched from long-range submarines that will be able to reach every target in the United States. The encircler is becoming completely encircled. Now both sides can destroy each other utterly; and catastrophe can come accidentally, on any day and in several different ways.

What made our leaders of government and public opinion think that they could bottle up the Soviet Union and China—two of the world's largest and most capable peoples, together holding the vast bulk of the world's largest island and possessing enormous resources? What made our leaders think that the Russians' traumatic need for military security in East Europe could be subordinated to our desire that those who had long controlled East Europe against the Soviet Union should retain full political rights? What made us think that the new industrialized Russia, which had just driven out the mightiest armies ever assembled on this planet, could be denied secure access to warm water, exactly as the weak Czarist regime had been? What made our leaders think that this powerful Russia could be excluded from any voice or role in the Middle East, on its borders?

The Truman Administration wisely refrained from trying to suppress the giant Communist revolution in China by military force. But what

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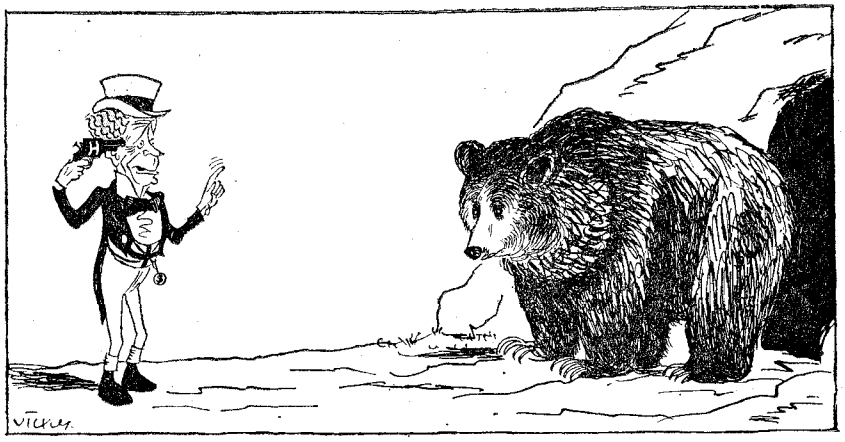
made that Administration so certain that Stalin had replied to containment by ordering the invasion of South Korea? Does any evidence that he did so exist to this day? And after the successful defense of South Korea under the U.N., what persuaded our leaders that they could destroy the North Korean state and seize both military and political control of the highly strategic North Korean triangle against the will of both the Soviet Union and China?

Above all, what makes us think today that we can continue to blockade the bulge of China indefinitely? What rising great power would endure this situation any longer than it takes to amass the power to change it?

Or again, what convinced us that we could arm Germany and weld her into our power system against our recent ally, the Soviet Union? And having long refused to accept a neutralized, united Germany, is there now any way we can avoid the Soviet solution of two sovereign German states, gradually settling their common problems by negotiation?

TWO THINGS are clear to me: (1) that we quickly assumed the position of a loser after World War II and refused to accept the two great consequences of that war—Soviet control of East Europe and the Communist revolution in China; and (2) that we mortgaged our resources, our souls and our future to negating other people's purposes. Both these actions were self-defeating. We could not reverse the main results of the war. We could not confine and frustrate the two new great powers which it produced.

In walking determinedly through the Soviet looking glass, we condemned ourselves to all the futilities of *reacting* instead of *acting*. In large degree, we abandoned the initiative to the great nations we were so quick to change from allies into enemies. The result is that, under our negative pressures, they have generated more power and advanced faster than they could have otherwise, rising from devastation and near-prostration to new eminence in the world. In large measure we forced upon



Courtesy New Statesman (London)

"One Step, and I Shoot!"

them the business of creation, while abandoning it ourselves.

On February 27, this year, the editor of Reuters returned from a trip to China (where we are forbidden even to go), reporting that bitter things are said there about the Americans and that Chinese universities are "crammed to their limits" with young people "burning to place China on an equal technological footing with the West." Today we marvel at the massive power of Soviet education, science and armament. A decade or two from now we will be wondering why we tried so long to ostracize the Chinese, insisting on having their enmity.

How can Americans be persuaded to abandon the illusion that the entire Pacific Ocean, up into Chinese harbors, is an American lake, in which our leaders can rope off and poison hundreds of thousands of square miles as they please?

IN seeking escape from the chilling grip of our failing cold-war policies there are four main questions which must be answered:

1. Can we break the obsessive hold upon us of military thinking, spending, testing, planning, fabrication and deployment? What do we do with an Air Force that is bigger than our five biggest business giants combined? What do we do with the Pentagon, the world's largest industry, with investments valued at $146 billion and more piling up? Will our hoards of missiles be more gigantic still, and their business and economic implications as profound?

2. How can we get our leaders to understand that the spiraling race for the ultimate nuclear weapon can never end peacefully with both sides ahead? It can be halted only if the leaders on both sides will agree to do so *at the same moment.* The right moment would seem to be when there is a substantial standoff. Such a moment occurred at the 1955 Summit Conference in Geneva, but it was wasted by Mr. Dulles, who insisted once more upon unconditional Soviet surrender in Germany.

We apparently persist in demanding fool-proof, complete disarmament in one package, while we continue bomb testing for three purposes: (1) to test our missile warheads; (2) to develop that all but inconceivable miracle—an anti-missile missile which would meet enemy missiles traveling toward us at 18,000 miles an hour; and (3) to develop an infinite wealth of "clean" little bombs with which to destroy the great manpower armies of Russia and China, while they refrain from using the big dirty bombs, of which both sides have so many. Is there any escape from the conclusion that a halt can never be had on these terms? How long must we go on insisting on total perfection in arms control or none? How can we escape from the Count-Down for Disaster, as Walter Millis put it in an article in *The Nation* of February 15?

3. Can we get a workable conception of foreign aid? For a time we did magnificent work in West Europe in reconstruction and the revival of free enterprise in that area, and if the stopping of communism

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was our leading motive, it was not the only one. Then the Korean War caused us to pour the great bulk of our so-called "foreign aid" into supporting big military machines in South Korea, Formosa, Vietnam, Pakistan and Turkey. In all these spots on the fringes of Asia the economies are now weighed down by the burden of maintaining swollen military establishments, which could not be kept going in war.

In West Europe the same policy has overburdened our allies since 1950, and now—according to CBS correspondent David Schoenbrun—there is a new NATO plan, "MC-70," which calls for the replacement of $18 billion of obsolescent military equipment already sent them, plus $7 billion for nuclear weapons—most of the cost to be carried by the American taxpayer.

IN our own hemisphere, the present Administration has abandoned the Good Neighbor policy of lending money to governments for development projects; now we encourage private investment, that is, the buying up of properties. This policy has been strongly resisted in Argentina, Brazil and Mexico, and it has aroused strong resentment everywhere in Latin America. In Canada, it has been a leading element in the recent political explosion, caused in part at least by Canadian resentment of their southern neighbors, who seemed to be trying to buy out their country.

How can we compete in this manner with the Soviet bloc, which trades goods for goods and makes loans at 2½ per cent? When can we begin to help underdeveloped countries like India adequately, in ways acceptable to them, because they need help and we need friends? Why don't we put real money into the proposed United Nations SUNFED program, and challenge the Red bloc to do likewise? In the past two and a half years the Reds have contracted $1.5 billion in aid to ten underdeveloped lands compared to our $900 million. Is this the best we can do?

Since World War II we have spent $443 billions on defense, and we are today infinitely less secure than in 1945. In fact, our military security evaporates daily. When will we begin to see the needs of the less favored peoples and go out to meet them? Of one thing we may be sure: if we remain frozen in our cold-war trenches much longer, the bulk of the people in the world will turn their faces from us. Many of them have already done so.

4. *How can we get leaders who will make peace, accept the main consequences of World War II and help the world to settle down to the assumption of continued living?* Can we accept the fact that the American Century, so confidently announced in 1941, is already over, squandered in cold war and containment? Can we understand that the American paramountcy in the world that we took for granted after World War II is a chimera, that hereafter we can only be a great power among equals?

After 1918, we deliberately rejected the greatest opportunity of a national lifetime to lead in organizing the world for peace and against war. We chose isolation instead. Since 1945, we have overcompensated tragically in the opposite direction. Can we now execute enough disengagement on a world scale to improve our chances of national survival? Or must we flash out of the pages of history even faster than we came in?

General Omar N. Bradley, in his great address in Washington on November 5, 1957, said that time "is running against us with the speed of a sputnik. If we're going to save ourselves from the instruments of our own intellect, we had better soon get ourselves under control and begin making the world safe for living." Dr. I. I. Rabi, one of our leading nuclear scientists, put it as sharply on December 31, 1957, when he said: "We have to face the problem of living together on this planet or we won't live. . . . The end of our national existence is in sight unless we solve this problem."

THE HOUR for our salvation is late, and we shall fail to make the drastic change in our national course which is required unless we look into our hearts as well as into the objective circumstances of our peril.

Nothing can be done on a basis of institutionalized and sanctified mistrust. We cannot prosper on a steady diet of suspicion, fear and hate. Nothing constructive can come from the daily incantation of the alleged desire of Moscow to conquer the world. We can save ourselves only by acting in the knowledge that the peoples of the Soviet Union and China have the same deep desires that we have—to live in peace, to improve their standard of living, to enjoy more personal freedom. Unless we have faith in our fellow men, and in the inexorable power of evolution to change all things without the use of nuclear bombs, nothing else can save us.

Nor must we shy away from the compelling necessity of learning to love our cherished "enemies." Three days after the first sputnik, the editors of *The New York Times* rose out of their cold-war trenches long enough to warn that we must "turn away from wrath and destruction and towards brotherly love." Now, said the *Times*, "we must arise out of our long childhood and play the part of wise, mature and humane men, or we shall surely die."

So we must, if the scientific fruit of our brains is not to fuse with our fears and destroy us. But how do we get the leadership? In every part of the United States there is a deep questioning of the failure of our postwar foreign policies. The manufacturers of public opinion, governmental and private, led us into the Cold War, but there is a growing awareness that they do not know how to make peace and let us out. Which of our effective political leaders will be the first to sense that our people, and all others, urgently want to come out from under the deadly shadow of the coming forests of mushrooms in the sky?

What, too, do we the people do to advance the making of peace? The British people have already made it plain to their leaders that they must move toward something better than living on the edge of inferno. When do we Americans assert ourselves? When shall we make it plain that we mean to escape the grip of a position-of-strength, brinkmanship policy which has lost us the leadership of the world?

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SHORT RUN at the PENTAGON

. . by Al Toffler

Washington, D.C.

SINCE MID-1947, ninety-five men and one woman have taken frantic turns at directing the $146 billion Pentagon establishment, incomparably the biggest, most complex—and most frustrating—industry in the world. The ninety-six comprise the roster of individuals who, since the Department of Defense was created, have filled the thirty-odd top posts (by now reduced to twenty-eight) of the Pentagon's civilian hierarchy: the secretaryships and deputy and assistant secretaryships of the Army, Navy, Air Force and of the Defense Department itself.

The President, in his current pursuit of Pentagon reorganization, might well consider why it is that so many people have had to be found to fill so few offices in so short a time. The average length of service of the sixty-eight on the list who no longer hold office (i.e., excluding the incumbents) comes to about two years; a dozen have served twelve months or fewer. And of the twenty-eight incumbents, half have served less than two years, nine less than one and only seven served more than four. In the last decade, the Defense Department has had six different top secretaries, the Army five, the Navy six and the Air Force five.

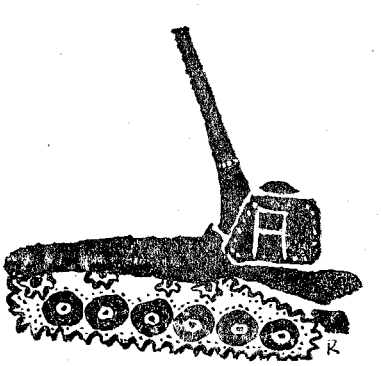
THE TABLE on the following page dramatizes the fact that the wrong men are being appointed to the Pentagon's civilian leadership: wrong because many of them move into their jobs completely untrained, and wrong because few of them stay long enough to become trained. And a further disqualification might be added: in many cases, these civilian chieftains of the military take up their posts encumbered by ties to corporations which are dependent upon the military for all or most of their business.

There are some who say that the Pentagon, with its $146 billion in assets, is primarily a business enterprise, and therefore should be run by businessmen. But what business, one-thousandth the size of the Pentagon, would permit a turnover in its top management every two years? Even more to the point: the Pentagon is more than business. It is *public* business; it represents national security; it *makes* policy as well as follows it. Precisely because this is so, American law and American tradition vest control over the military in the hands of civilians. But surely such a situation calls for the experienced specialist capable of representing broad civilian interests in solving the special problems of the military. Instead, we have neophyte top secretaries, like any GI, serving two-year hitches—or less.

WHO ARE THE ninety-six civilians who have held Pentagon secretaryships in the last decade, and why did so many of them rush in and out of the revolving door with such celerity? Generalizations are always dangerous; what is described here is not a "typical" or "average" secretary or assistant secretary, but rather one whose background holds good for at least a plurality of the ninety-six. He comes from a middle- or upper-class family and has attended an Ivy League college and an eminent law school (thirty-six of the ninety-six are lawyers; seventeen are graduates of Harvard Law, seven of Yale Law). He is an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian, has practiced law for a big firm; or, if not a lawyer, his career has been with a large corporation (there are, of course, exceptions). As he reaches middle age, directorships of various business enterprises accrue to him as if by some natural law; he is oriented, generally, to the higher reaches of business. He is invited to the Pentagon because he is a friend of someone, or the friend of a friend, or because he is the friend of the party in power.

He accepts the appointment with a built-in itch to leave. Most likely, the acceptance has meant a financial sacrifice (the Secretary of Defense earns $25,000 a year; the Deputy Secretary of Defense and the Secretaries of the Army, Navy and Air Force get $22,500; Assistant Secretaries get $20,000). Even more important, Pentagon service means a break in his own career. As the wife of a Quaker Oats executive explained when her husband resigned from a government post: "The presidency of Quaker Oats isn't going to lie around forever." The fact is that the invitation to the Pentagon has come to him when he was about fifty years old; he is too young to retire from his own business and too old to want to start a brand new career in government.

HIS TIME in service is not likely to ease his built-in itch to leave. His problems are multitudinous, and they are presented to him in the incomprehensible gobbledegook of military lingo. It takes him six months to learn to swim in the tides of paper that surround him (a typical Pentagon gag: "Assistant Secretaries only know what they are doing when they are in the lavatory"). During this time he must rely entirely upon the advice of a staff which, though part military and part civilian, is thoroughly imbued with the military way of doing things. And when he has finally mastered the tools of his new craft, he becomes embroiled in inter-service rivalry, constantly under the chauvinistic pressures of the uniformed generals and admirals of his service. In the end, he is like-



AL TOFFLER is a Washington, D.C., journalist who has contributed frequently to these columns.

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The Pentagon's Revolving Door for Civilians

The Pentagon's civilian heads comprise a secretary, undersecretary and four assistants for each military service, and a secretary, deputy and eight assistants for the Defense Department. The following have filled these posts (plus six additional ones, now abolished) since 1957. Only seventeen names appear more than once; these served in more than one secretaryship.

DEFENSE DEPARTMENT

	Appointed	Departed	Tenure (in mos.)
Secretary			
James Forrestal	Sept. 17, 1947	Mar. 27, 1949	18
Louis Johnson	Mar. 28, 1949	Sept. 19, 1950	18
George Marshall	Sept. 21, 1950	Sept. 12, 1951	12
Robert A. Lovett	Sept. 17, 1951	Jan. 20, 1953	16
Charles E. Wilson	Jan. 28, 1953	Oct. 1957	56
Neil McElroy	Oct. 9, 1957	Incumbent	
Deputy Secretary			
Stephen T. Early	May 2, 1949	Sept. 30, 1950	17
Robert A. Lovett	Oct. 4, 1950	Sept. 16, 1951	12
Wm. C. Foster	Sept. 24, 1951	Jan. 20, 1953	16
Roger M. Kyes	Feb. 2, 1953	May 1, 1954	15
Rob't B. Anderson	May 3, 1954	Aug. 4, 1955	15
R. B. Robertson	Aug. 5, 1955	Apr. 25, 1957	21
Donald A. Quarles	May 1, 1957	Incumbent	
Assistant Secretaries			
Wilfred J. McNeil	Sept. 12, 1949	Incumbent	
Paul H. Griffith	Sept. 12, 1949	Nov. 15, 1950	14
Marx Leva	Sept. 12, 1949	May 1, 1951	19
Anna Rosenberg	Nov. 15, 1950	Jan. 20, 1953	26
Daniel K. Edwards	May 3, 1951	Nov. 19, 1951	7
Chas. A. Coolidge	Nov. 20, 1951	Dec. 31, 1952	13
John A. Hannah	Feb. 11, 1953	July 31, 1954	18
Frank C. Nash	Feb. 11, 1953	Feb. 28, 1954	12
Franklin Floete	Aug. 3, 1953	Mar. 3, 1956	30
Dr. Melvin Casberg	Aug. 3, 1953	Jan. 27, 1954	5
Chas. S. Thomas	Aug. 5, 1953	May 2, 1954	8
Frank Newbury	Aug. 18, 1953	May 17, 1957	45
Donald A. Quarles	Sept. 1, 1953	Aug. 13, 1955	23
Frederick A. Seaton	Sept. 15, 1953	Feb. 20, 1955	17
Dr. Frank B. Berry	Jan. 28, 1954	Incumbent	
Struve Hensel	Mar. 5, 1954	June 30, 1955	16
Thomas P. Pike	May 3, 1954	June 27, 1956	25
Carter L. Burgess	Oct. 11, 1954	Jan. 22, 1957	27
Rob't Tripp Ross	Mar. 15, 1955	Feb. 2, 1957	23
Gordon Gray	July 14, 1955	Feb. 27, 1957	19
Clifford C. Furnas	Dec. 5, 1955	Feb. 15, 1957	14
Floyd S. Bryant	Apr. 30, 1956	Incumbent	
E. Perkins McGuire	Dec. 28, 1956	Incumbent	
Mansfield Sprague	Feb. 28, 1957	Incumbent	
Murray Snyder	Mar. 21, 1957	Incumbent	
Wm. H. Francis, Jr.	Apr. 19, 1957	Incumbent	
Paul D. Foote	Sept. 10, 1957	Incumbent	

ARMY

Secretary			
Kenneth C. Royall	Sept. 18, 1947	Apr. 27, 1949	19
Gordon Gray	June 20, 1949	Apr. 12, 1950	10
Rob't Pace, Jr.	Apr. 12, 1950	Jan. 20, 1953	33
Rob't T. Stevens	Feb. 4, 1953	July 21, 1955	30
Wilbur Brucker	July 21, 1955	Incumbent	
Undersecretary			
Wm. H. Draper, Jr.	Aug. 29, 1947	Feb. 28, 1949	18
Gordon Gray	May 25, 1949	June 20, 1949	1
Tracy S. Voorhees	Aug. 22, 1949	Apr. 24, 1950	8
A. Alexander	May 24, 1950	Mar. 3, 1952	21
Karl R. Bendetsen	Apr. 23, 1952	Oct. 5, 1952	5
Earl D. Johnson	Feb. 6, 1953	Jan. 13, 1954	11
John Slezak	Feb. 8, 1954	Jan. 16, 1955	11
Chas. C. Finucane	Feb. 9, 1955	Incumbent	
Assistant Secretaries			
Gordon Gray	Sept. 24, 1947	May 25, 1949	20
Tracy Voorhees	June 17, 1948	Aug. 22, 1949	15
A. Alexander	Aug. 22, 1949	May 24, 1950	9
Karl D. Bendetsen	Feb. 20, 1950	Apr. 23, 1952	28
Earl D. Johnson	May 31, 1950	Oct. 26, 1952	28
Fred Korth	May 22, 1952	Jan. 20, 1953	8
F. Shackleford	Oct. 6, 1952	Jan. 20, 1953	4
John Slezak	May 4, 1953	Feb. 9, 1954	9
James P. Mitchell	May 4, 1953	Oct. 8, 1953	5
Hugh M. Milton II	Nov. 19, 1953	Incumbent	
Geo. H. Roderick	Feb. 9, 1954	Incumbent	
F. H. Higgins	Aug. 26, 1954	Incumbent	
Chas. C. Finucane	Sept. 9, 1954	Feb. 9, 1955	5
Chester R. Davis	Mar. 10, 1955	Dec. 15, 1956	21
Dewey Short	Mar. 15, 1957	Incumbent	

NAVY

Secretary			
John L. Sullivan	Sept. 18, 1947	May 24, 1949	20
F. P. Mathews	May 25, 1949	July 31, 1951	26
Dan A. Kimball	July 31, 1951	Jan. 20, 1953	18
R. B. Anderson	Feb. 4, 1953	May 3, 1954	15
Charles S. Thomas	May 3, 1954	Apr. 1, 1957	35
T. S. Gates, Jr.	Apr. 1, 1957	Incumbent	
Undersecretary			
W. John Kenney	Sept. 19, 1947	May 24, 1949	20
Dan A. Kimball	May 25, 1949	July 31, 1951	26
F. P. Whitehair	Aug. 7, 1951	Jan. 29, 1953	18
Charles S. Thomas	Feb. 9, 1953	Aug. 8, 1953	6
T. S. Gates, Jr.	Oct. 7, 1953	Apr. 1, 1957	42
William B. Franke	Apr. 1, 1957	Incumbent	
Assistant Secretaries			
W. John Kenney	Mar. 1, 1946	Sept. 19, 1947	20
John N. Brown	Nov. 12, 1946	Mar. 8, 1949	29
Mark E. Andrews	Jan. 21, 1948	Feb. 15, 1949	13
John T. Koehler	Feb. 18, 1949	Oct. 3, 1951	32
Dan A. Kimball	Mar. 9, 1949	May 25, 1949	2
John F. Floberg	Jan. 27, 1950	July 23, 1953	30
Herbert R. Askins	Oct. 3, 1951	Jan. 20, 1953	16
R. H. Fogler	June 22, 1953	Jan. 12, 1957	43
J. H. Smith, Jr.	July 23, 1953	June 20, 1956	35
William B. Franke	Oct. 4, 1954	Apr. 1, 1957	30
Albert Pratt	Oct. 4, 1954	Feb. 1, 1957	28
Garrison Norton	June 28, 1956	Incumbent	
Fred A. Bantz	Apr. 10, 1957	Incumbent	
J. S. Armstrong	May 28, 1957	Incumbent	
Richard Jackson	Aug. 26, 1957	Incumbent	

AIR FORCE

Secretary			
Stuart Symington	Sept. 18, 1947	Apr. 23, 1950	30
T. K. Finletter	Apr. 24, 1950	Jan. 19, 1953	33
Harold Talbott	Feb. 5, 1953	Aug. 14, 1955	30
Donald A. Quarles	Aug. 15, 1955	May 1, 1957	21
James H. Douglas	May 1, 1957	Incumbent	
Undersecretary			
Arthur S. Barrows	Sept. 27, 1947	Apr. 21, 1950	31
John McCone	June 15, 1950	Oct. 21, 1951	16
Roswell Gilpatric	Oct. 19, 1951	Feb. 5, 1953	15
James H. Douglas	Mar. 3, 1953	Apr. 30, 1957	50
M. A. MacIntyre	June 5, 1957	Incumbent	
Assistant Secretaries			
Eugene Zuckert	Sept. 26, 1947	Feb. 24, 1952	53
C. V. Whitney	Sept. 26, 1947	Apr. 11, 1949	19
Harold C. Stuart	Oct. 17, 1949	May 24, 1951	19
Roswell Gilpatric	May 25, 1951	Oct 18, 1951	5
Edwin V. Huggins	Jan. 1, 1952	Feb. 13, 1953	13
James T. Hill	July 5, 1952	Jan. 20, 1953	6
H. Lee White	Feb. 17, 1953	July 2, 1954	17
Roger Lewis	Apr. 3, 1953	Sept. 30, 1955	30
Lyle S. Garlock	Aug. 23, 1954	Incumbent	
David S. Smith	Oct. 19, 1954	Incumbent	
Dudley C. Sharp	Oct. 3, 1955	Incumbent	
Trevor Gardner	Mar. 1, 1955	Feb. 11, 1956	11
Richard E. Horner	July 1, 1957	Incumbent	

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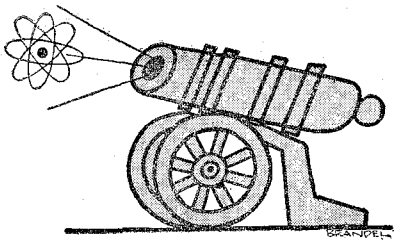
ly to become as service-minded, or more so, than his uniformed colleagues.

Much has been written in these columns about the propensity of military men to retire to private industry doing business with the government (for example, see Matthew Josephson's The Big Guns, January 21, 1956). The civilian entering the Pentagon owes loyalties to his old company, which may also be doing business with government; moreover, he is more than likely to return to his old company once his Pentagon stint is over. Even men with the



highest integrity (and few who have held Pentagon office can be said to have had anything less) must suffer under these pressures under the day-to-day routines of office. And then, of course, there is the serious question of the relationship of the ex-Pentagon civilian, returned to private industry, and his former colleagues in government.

The paradox remains. Is civilian control really possible? To understand the military well enough to control it, long association is necessary. This period grows longer as specialization continues and the military ramifies. Today the military is already so big and powerful that, by sheer mass, it swallows the civilians assigned to police it.

The dilemma demands public attention.

FARMER in the TRAP . . *Joseph Bensman and A. J. Vidich*

READERS OF THE Minneapolis *Tribune* over the past few weeks have been presented with an appraisal of rural society that is reminiscent of the picture drawn by Steinbeck during the depression of the thirties. Carl T. Rowan traveled through the Minnesota countryside and, in a series of eleven *Tribune* articles, reported that most of the central themes of the last great depression are still there: organized bill collecting, the closing of consumer credit, falling commodity prices, mortgage foreclosures, stagnation of village business, farm auctions and a general malaise in the rural economy. Reading Mr. Rowan's reports—which are quite exceptional in the candor with which they treat subjects psychologically tabooed during the prosperous years of farming between 1945-55 — one gains an impression of rural anxiety and desperation unequaled since the twenties and early thirties. The picture is the more impressive in that the writer concentrated on the relatively wealthy communities of Southwestern and Western Minnesota, where the soil is the richest and crop failures are practically non-existent.

Mr. Rowan noted the following facts about Minnesota's rural depression:

1. Net farm income in the state dropped nearly $20 million in 1957, while farm expenses rose $28 million. Areas of crop income suffered the most, dropping 13 per cent.

2. "We had virtually no bankruptcies in this area from 1940 to 1950. But I am not exaggerating when I tell you that from 1950 till today bankruptcies, or things comparable to bankruptcies, are at about the level of the 1930s."

3. "A lawyer who supervises thirty tenant farms for absentee owners says that 85 per cent of tenant farmers in Southwestern Minnesota are in financial difficulty."

4. Mortgage (or commercial) credit in farm sales dropped from 47 per cent in 1956 to 36.4 in 1957, signifying a credit tightness and the growing importance of the local "money lender."

The same picture that Mr. Rowan painted for Minnesota was described for the United States as a whole in *The New York Times* for March 29:

1. Net realized income from farming declined from $17 billion in 1952 to $13.9 billion in 1957.

2. Net income of farm families from all sources dropped from $23.1 billion to $20.2 billion.

3. While total per capita income of farm families rose from $953 in 1952 to $993 in 1957, the part derived from farming dropped from $702 to $684.

4. According to the mid-March index, farm prices were still 8.5 per cent below 1952 levels and costs were 5 per cent higher. The parity ratio had dropped from 100 in 1952 to 87 at mid-March (or, to put this another way, the prices the farmer was receiving were 87 per cent of the prices he was paying).

The net result of such drops in farm prices and losses in income has been to drive farmers from the farm. Between April 1956, and April 1957, the U.S. Census reports, the farm population declined by 1,861,000, or about 8 per cent. Between 1950 and 1957, farm population dropped from 25,058,000 to 20,396,000 — a drop of 18.6 per cent.

Clearly, despite seasonal price fluctuations that may seem temporarily to favor the farmer, he is caught in a deep and abiding depression. And when one recalls that the farm economy is still the economic basis of small-town America, it is easy to project the farm depression into a small-town depression. As soon as farm incomes fall off, retail sales slow down, automobile sales virtually stop, the hungry local printer un-

JOSEPH BENSMAN, a consumer-research specialist, and ARTHUR J. VIDICH, assistant professor of sociology at the University of Connecticut, are the authors of Small Town in Mass Society *and numerous other works on rural communities.*

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derbids city shops and has his non-unionized employees work all night at no extra pay, bank deposits begin to go down and bank loans rise. Mr. Rowan richly illustrates how the small town is affected, and how a deep sense of pessimism, whose equivalent can only be found by going back to 1933, pervades rural life today.

This pessimism seems to us to be one of the most striking changes that has taken place in rural America since we did our own study of the small town in 1952-54. At that time there still existed an air of optimism and buoyancy; townspeo-

ple as well as farmers could laugh or even remain indifferent when Ezra Benson gave a major speech, at a nearby university, advocating cuts in price supports. When Benson's name is mentioned in Minnesota today, as it is quite frequently, no one finds anything to laugh at.

THE AMERICAN farmer has always been dependent on politics and legislation, and to understand what is happening one has to go beyond Mr. Rowan's depression-like imagery to an examination of how federal agricultural policies affect small-town life. Agricultural legislation in the last twenty-five years has been aimed primarily at controlling the production and distribution of farm commodities. Throughout all of this period, the farmer has found that his market has been increasingly dependent on specific legislation affecting the commodity he is trying to sell.

Take the example of milk. A New York State dairy farmer gears his enterprise to the production of fluid milk for marketing in the New Milk Marketing Area (the milk shed). This is a marketing area, established by state and federal law, administered by a price administrator who establishes milk prices on the basis of a formula linked to its ultimate processing as cheese, ice-cream, butter or packaged fluid milk. The government price support on butter — the willingness of the government to buy butter at a certain price set by the Secretary of Agriculture — acts in support of the milk-shed price paid to the farmer, since the government is a guaranteed "consumer" of all excess production.

Thus the individual dairy farmer has very little to do with prices. The best he can do to gain a measure of control over his situation is to think up ways to cut costs. He can try to cut labor costs by working harder himself or by working more efficiently (labor-saving devices); or he may decide to increase volume at the expense of butter-fat content (poorer feed) or vice versa, depending on his calculation of what the price structure means in terms of his farm operation.

Any farmer who, in the thirties, oriented his operation to the mass market, similarly addressed himself to favorably pegged prices, subsidies and quotas. There was and is no other way to produce for the market. Beginning in the late thirties and particularly after the early forties, almost any farmer who followed this approach was almost sure to be successful. Within the fairly wide limits of good farm management, the farmer who was reasonably efficient in adjusting to changes in agricultural policies had almost no way to fail. As a consequence, in periods of favorable prices the farmer has come to accept fixed prices and other farm legislation as a necessary condition for his operations. In fact, by orienting themselves to federal legislation and by making sensitive adjustments necessary to staying in tune with it, farmers have become the most successful class in small-town America.

FOR the farmer, then, the buoyancy and optimism characteristic of the 1940-1953 period consisted of having a favorable legislative frontier. The favorable federal legislation encouraged the profit-minded, businesslike farmer—and farmers are perhaps the last of the pure exponents of the small-business ideology—to make his profit by operating within the limits of legal price and production legislation and controls. This has meant the acceptance, for the purpose of cutting costs, of mass-production techniques (huge all-purpose machinery, increased size of fields, etc.), intensified cultivation of allowable acreage by heavy use of fertilizer, use of improved seeds and stock, and chemical feeding. Today, for the first time, American farmers are literally dumping fertilizer on fields, planting close rows and using every inch of acre to increase production within restricted acreages and soil-bank allotments.

THE NET result of this interplay has been ever-increasing productivity on ever-decreasing acreage — the nightmare of every secretary of agriculture. The techniques developed by the farmer to evade the intent of the law have proven superior, so far, to the ability of either Republican or Democratic secretaries of agriculture to frame legislation to control production. Up to 1953, at least, the result was continued farm prosperity within the framework of ever-increasing surpluses and ever-increasing subsidy costs. Through their farm bloc and the overbalance of farm representation in the United States Senate, farmers have been as successful in exploiting the government and the consumer as the soil. But, while allowing this to happen, federal legislation has also provided relief to millions of small farmers who otherwise would have been driven from the farms and into the ranks of transient agricultural workers and urban industrial laborers. Price-support policy in the thirties was intended not only to stabilize agriculture, but to keep the farmer on the farm and off the city breadlines.

The farm-support and production programs worked too well, however; they helped not only the poor farmer but also the large producer. The result has been the creation of permanent political pressure to maintain agricultural support of all kinds

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even during periods of full employment.

For centuries, there has been a continuous trend in Western countries toward decreases in the number of farms and the size of farm population. The political humanitarianism of the New and Fair Deals had the effect of partially arresting these trends in the United States throughout the period 1933-53. Because New Deal and Fair Deal farm policies kept marginal and uneconomic operators in business, they did not represent a "rational" approach to a basic economic problem dating back to the "enclosures" of the twelfth century, which marked the beginnings of the industrial expansion of agriculture.

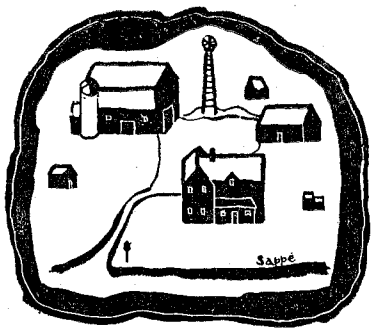
Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson is a highly rational man in search of logical solutions to basic economic problems regardless of the political, economic or human consequences of his rational solutions. Quite obviously, continued reduction of price support constitutes the heart of Benson's approach to the farm problem; his recent victory over Congress' attempts to restrain him from lowering supports to 60 per cent of parity (before or after the election) is an omen of things to come. In Benson's logic, every reduction in price supports constitutes a massive stride toward the "solution" of the farm problem.

But each reduction results in the slicing off of another layer of the farm population—this is the process described by Mr. Rowan in Minnesota—and results further in the decline of the agriculturally-oriented economy of the small town. To solve the problems of the rural way of life, Benson contributes to its stagnation. And to the extent that the Secretary's program is rational, the farm depression is a direct consequence of his rationality.

However, Benson's solution poses new problems:

1. The liquidation of the marginal farmers is unlikely to reduce farm surpluses substantially simply because marginal farmers are unproductive even of surpluses. Large-scale, price-conscious farmers will make further advances in agricultural technology, resulting in increased production and reduced costs. Since this will occur at lower-level parity formulas, consumer prices may go down—provided, of course, the processors don't absorb the differences themselves. But lower prices, which will "solve" the problem of surplus farmers, will not necessarily solve the problem of farm surpluses.

2. The amount of federal subsistence payments will probably go down and will constitute a saving to the taxpayer. However, since the cost of such programs is the economic liquidation of marginal farmers, and since this is occurring at a time when industry cannot absorb the already existing industrial labor force, one of the major effects of Benson's program is to transfer federal expenditures from the budget of the Department of Agriculture to the budget of the Department of



Welfare. In this sense, the Secretary is attempting to solve his problem by tranferring it to other segments of the economy.

The roots of Mr. Benson's philosophy, of course, go back a long way. For seven or eight centuries agriculture has been continuously losing ground to industry, and the dispossessed farmer, peasant, cottager have been the continuous problem of industrial society. Modern society's solution has been ultimately to absorb the surplus farmers into industry — a process not unaccompanied by considerable misery, poverty and degradation. This classical solution obviously rests on the ability of industry to absorb the rural dispossessed. By lowering the level of price supports, Secretary Benson can guarantee the dispossession of the rural population, but President Eisenhower has not been able to guarantee their absorption into industry.

Benson may have history and long-range economics on his side, but such arguments are not likely to be of solace to the Minnesota farmer.

WILL FRANCE PLAY IT SAFE? . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris, May 3

DESPITE THE COLD weather, I spent Easter week in the Vézère valley in the Southwest of France. The numerous conversations I had with the local people—who include everything from Poujadists to the rural type of French Communist—were so revealing of the real state of mind in France today that I was not in the least surprised, on my return to Paris, to find that the Gaillard Government was on the point of being overthrown by the National Assembly. For it would be a mistake to imagine that the "Suez mentality," complete with xenophobia and anti-Americanism, is confined to the French Right, still less to its extreme Fascist fringe. Almost everybody in France is more or less xenophobe today; and the difference between many of those who voted for Gaillard and those who voted against Gaillard was merely the difference between uncontrollable anger and a certain sense of reality and expediency. The thirty-eight-year-old Félix Gaillard himself hesitated, throughout his six months in

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office, between these two attitudes. The day after the bombing of Sakhiet he wholly supported the Algerian diehards, and even as late as a month ago he delighted his right-wing supporters by treating Messrs. Murphy and Beeley with a deliberate display of casualness. *He* wasn't going to cut his Easter vacation short by twenty-four hours; if they wanted to see him, they would be welcome as his "guests" in his château in the Charente country, miles from nowhere. Swallowing their pride, the veteran U. S. diplomat and his British partner undertook the long automobile trek.

But the ultimate result of these château conversations was not quite what Gaillard had expected. And then, on top of it all, came the Eisenhower message asking Gaillard to use his "common sense." Despite the crowing in the great majority of the French press over the "breakdown of the good offices" and the "inevitable" French appeal to the U.N.—which would have to recognize the fact of Tunisia's "belligerency"—Gaillard now realized that he would place France in a desperately dangerous position in rejecting the Murphy-Beeley proposals outright. Hence the calling of the Cabinet meeting—which lasted more than ten hours—on Saturday, April 12. It was decided to submit the dispute to the "arbitration" of the National Assembly. No amount of window-dressing could hide the gulf between the Algerian diehards in Gaillard's Cabinet and the belated "realists," who now hesitated to leave France completely isolated.

In reality, however, neither Gaillard nor Pineau *liked* the idea of "capitulating" to the United States. Nor, for that matter, did the country as a whole like it. For here are a few samples of views expressed to me by people in the Vézère country:

> We've got everybody against us: Britain, and America, and the American oil companies; they want to drive us out of Algeria because of the oil. . . .
>
> We can hold Algeria indefinitely, and we'll always have enough troops to defend the pipelines, and by 1960 we'll have enough Sahara oil to cover half our consumption, and the British and American oil companies can go to hell. . . .
>
> We've been kicked around often enough by the Americans—over Indo-China, Morocco and Tunisia—and over German rearmament, and we're not going to give way over Algeria. . . .

People who were talking like this were very ordinary small-town Frenchmen—most of whom vote Radical or Socialist, and who would be horrified if they were called Fascists. But the anti-Arab feeling is strong everywhere; and the only person I met who thought the Algerian war wrong, and the police tortures in Algeria revolting (most of the other people—who read the local nationalist press — have never even heard of such things) was a railwayman, probably a Communist.

This little sampling of provincial France represents the dominant mood in France today, and goes a long way to explain the result of the parliamentary meeting on April 15 that ended in the crushing defeat of Gaillard. It is interesting to observe that the men at the National Assembly who received the loudest applause were the three most determined diehards: Jacques Soustelle, Gaullist ex-Governor of Algeria, and two right-wing members, M. Pierre André and M. Montel. Soustelle claimed that the whole of American foreign policy had been nothing but a series of failures and betrayals of France; Pierre André declared that the "good offices" were nothing but a death-trap; and Montel accused Gaillard of "abandoning everything under American pressure."

Compared with these explosive speeches, the Government and pro-Government spokesmen were tame and almost apologetic. Most striking was the complete silence observed by M. Lacoste, the Minister for Algeria, and M. Chaban Delmas, the Minister of Defense, when right-wing speakers denounced the inadequacies of the military defenses against incursions into Algeria from Tunisian territory. For, at heart, these and other members of the Gaillard Government were fundamentally in agreement with the Algerian diehards. So practically the whole Right, including the Poujadists and M. Bidault (one of the three Catholic MRPs to vote that way), opposed Gaillard; at the other extreme were the Communists and their allies, as well as a handful of deputies around Mendès-France. The reason why the Communists voted against Gaillard are obvious; but why Mendès-France's followers? To them, the Gaillard policy was merely a "caricature" of their own policy—which is, first and foremost, an attempt to bring about an understanding among France, Tunisia and Morocco and, eventually, the Algerian rebels, with a view to forming a vast North-African Federation working in close cooperation with France. Gaillard, on the contrary, tried to buy right-wing support by *intensifying* the war in Algeria, even while adopting a soft, "American" policy in Tunisia.

AND SO the Gaillard Government was overthrown by 321 to 255 votes. Its six-month record was not a happy one. Economically, it is true, it did reasonably well; it managed to borrow $600 million (directly or indirectly) from the United States. Production was still rising.

But it had "covered" Sakhiet, and Gaillard himself had, throughout, been a prisoner of the Right and other Algeria extremists. The arbitrary confiscation of magazines, newspapers and books had become an almost weekly occurrence, and the Government's response to the numerous revelations about tortures and police murders in Algeria had been extremely feeble, to say the least. Nevertheless Gaillard, as a disciple of Jean Monnet and a

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trained financial and economic expert (who was fully conscious of the importance of American financial support), was considered by the State Department as a relatively reasonable man; and it was, in fact, his relative reasonableness that in the end cost him his job.

Where do we go from here? To all appearances, the political crisis is going to be a long one. It is scarcely conceivable that an extreme anti-American like Bidault will succeed in finding a parliamentary majority. The overthrow of Gaillard must, I think, be considered first and foremost as a demonstration of an irrational national anger—an anger worked up artificially by the myth of America's determination to throw France out of North Africa. But such demonstrations of anger are not a new thing: the rejection of the European Defense Community and the numerous other votes against German rearmament, in defiance of American and British pressure, were similar demonstrations. But in the end there was acceptance of the U.S. line.

At the moment, the establishment of a Gaullist or any other dictatorship still seems remote; after the gleeful overthrow of Gaillard as a "pro-American," French opinion may sober up and start thinking along more rational lines. The chances are that, faced with the choice of "going it alone" or resuming negotiations with America and eventually with Tunisia, it will still play for safety and prefer the latter course. As the *Canard Enchaîné* asked the go-it-alone people: "Fine, go ahead with your war in North Africa and occupy Tunisia; but will you, before doing so, refund those $600 million?" For there's another aspect to the whole situation which doesn't seem to have occurred to the Algeria diehards: France can "go it alone" only under a more or less Fascist regime of financial and economic austerity. And a striking thing about France today is that life continues to be very normal and pleasant, with as much to buy and to eat as ever. And even if Bidault would like to sleep in Bourguiba's bed, complete with his top boots, it is doubtful whether French opinion is ready to pay the price by cutting down drastically on food, drink and gasoline. This contradiction between the bellicose, xenophobe mood of France and her reluctance to give up the good things in life may, after all, prove the best safeguard for both the (no doubt relative) unity of Western Europe and the (equally relative) democracy of France.

The one danger is a repetition, on a much larger scale, of the French reaction with its cries of "treason" that followed a few months after the Indo-China armistice. If the North African settlement —and there must be one some day —is made to look too humiliating to France, *then* there may be a sharp Fascist reaction.

NOW that French opinion has had the satisfaction of "telling America to go to hell," it will be for America to be wise enough not to lose her temper in turn, but on the contrary to talk sweet reason to France and to persuade her that the Algerian problem has *already* become internationalized, and that it's no use persisting with the fiction of "*l'Algérie c'est la France*"—the slogan a bunch of toughs tried to shout outside the American Embassy the night the Gaillard Government fell.

Although over two precious years have been wasted in fighting a senseless war in Algeria, there is perhaps still a chance for a France-North Africa partnership, commonwealth or federation. But there is not much time to lose, for the position of Bourguiba—in danger of being swamped by pro-Nasser men—is becoming more precarious every day. And Mr. Dulles should have made his statement about America not being interested in North Africa much sooner; and also, he should have been much more precise. It would make an enormous difference if French opinion were genuinely convinced that America is *not* interested in the oil of the Sahara—unless, of course, the French themselves explicitly ask America to take part in the development of North Africa, in the name of helping underdeveloped countries, or of Western solidarity, and all that.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

than a variety of other traits or habits, i.e., heavy mascara, over-bleached hair, men in shirt sleeves, men with the odor of cigars.

I resigned my job, not simply to retain my beard, but to retain whatever integrity I had and to dissociate myself from a man whose public morality I found disgusting. I did not conform to the vice-president's rigid and narrow conception of an employee—a bland, beardless face, obedient as a machine, immaculate black or gray suit, and outrageous necktie. . . .

I have been accused of irresponsibility by some people, for resigning my position over so trivial a matter. They told me that if I wanted more money, *that* would have been a proper reason for quitting. That is a topsy-turvy morality, for I believe that my responsibility is to my principles before it is to my stomach.

I should, I suppose, point out that my work has been more than satisfactory. . . . Ironically, two of my clients complimented me on the beard, one the very day the vice-president gave me the ultimatum. My vice-president refused to believe it.

Alan Harrington, in his Life in the Crystal Palace, published January 11 in *The Nation,* speaks of the "mild pressure to conform" which exists in large corporations. There is an absolute demand for conformity—and the reasons for the demand are specious. . . .

ERIC W. HUGHES, JR.

New York City

Soviet Travelogue

Dear Sirs: Your readers may be interested to know that Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McClain of Lima, Ohio, are presenting a program of color movies and slides on their travels in Russia last summer. They spent eight weeks in the USSR and traveled more than 16,000 miles. Their tour included the Youth Festival and the Agricultural Exposition in Moscow, a trip by boat on the Black Sea from Odessa to Yalta and on the Volga from Gorki to Kuibeshev, Samarkand, Stalinabad opposite Afghanistan, and the "Virgin Lands" farming ventures in the Altai region bordering China and Mongolia.

Anyone interested in booking the McClains for a showing of their film program may get in touch with them at R.F.D. 6, Lima, Ohio.

JACK RUNSER

Ada, Ohio

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Thornton Wilder and the German Psyche

Paul Fussell, Jr.

CURIOSITY about modern American literature is one of the most striking phenomena in the intellectual life of the German Federal Republic. In particular, students from the ages of seventeen to twenty-one consume quantities of American fiction. Poetry and criticism are somewhat less accessible to them, largely because of their ingrained preconceptions about what these things "ought" to be like. But their apprehension of the best modern American fiction is admirable. University lectures in American fiction are likely to be crowded, and the students order with enthusiasm from a Hamburg importing firm thousands of inexpensive copies of the works of Dreiser, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner and Wolfe. German taste, at the universities and among intellectuals, is generally that of a highly literate American: the later works of Steinbeck and Saroyan are found unimpressive, and those Germans who have learned to read English with sensitivity return constantly to a canon whose central nervous system is the line James—Hemingway—Faulkner.

On the other hand, among what must be called the middle-classes, the situation in taste is not so happy. Most popular at this level are American fictions of the optimist-coy school: the works of Saroyan; the later works of Steinbeck, especially *The Pearl*, in which vast profundities are discovered; and, preeminently, all the writings and all the public utterances of Thornton Wilder.

During the past winter I have spoken as a Fulbright lecturer to many groups of secondary-school teachers in Southwestern Germany; I have usually talked about modern American fiction. And when I have finished talking, several either plaintive or truculent voices invariably have been raised in behalf of Wilder. Why, pray, have I neglected Wilder in my comments on the modern novel in America? What suggestions have I to offer about the best way of teaching *The Bridge of San Luis Rey?* What do the best American critics think of *The Woman of Andros?* On one occasion early in the year, before I had learned that one publicly criticizes Wilder in Germany at the risk of appearing dangerously disloyal, I said that I didn't think that Wilder was very interesting; and, furthermore, that I was puzzled and distressed by German admiration of his work. This was at the *Amerika Haus* in Heidelberg, and I sensed for months afterward that my comments had betrayed my wicked impulses: I had been impudently sacrilegious; I had been critically flippant.

ALTHOUGH Wilder has been hysterically popular in Germany since the end of the war, when the State Department sent *Our Town* on tour as a "representative example" of "modern American theatre" (and what other *pleasant* plays, excluding musicals, have we?), his star has risen even higher since he received the Peace Prize at the Frankfurt Book Fair in 1957. This prize, awarded by the German booksellers (who clearly know a hot commodity when they see one), made it obvious to Germans that Wilder is the foremost modern American writer. Gigantic photographs of a benign and "philosophic" Wilder blossomed in public places from Bremen to Karlsruhe. *Amerika Häuser*, bookstores, and even drugstores erected elaborate displays of Wilder's saintly features, Wilder's selected aphorisms, and pyramids of copies of *Our Town*, arranged like canned goods. Well-intentioned readers, innocent of Faulkner and Fitzgerald, bore home from the bookstores copies of *The Cabala* and *The Woman of Andros*, convinced that by apprehending these works they were gaining an entrance into the secret recesses of the American sensibility.

Soon after receiving the Frankfurt prize, Wilder began a series of speaking appearances at the German universities. He spoke always of Large Issues: Love, especially, and Democracy, and the virtues of the Common Man, and how hateful Eliot was with his undemocratic notions about elites, authoritative churches and the important uses of convention in literature. Here, gratifying the European image of what he should be, was The American Writer, with all his folksy innocence of evil, with his touching devotion to Love, and with his inspiring and efficient optimism. Away with your nasty Faulkners; give us no more of your dirty-minded Hemingways, no more of your homosexual Hart Cranes, your opaque and ironic Wallace Stevenses. We Want Wilder and, what's more, We Want Wilder's America.

For it becomes apparent that the German canonization of Wilder — and the admiration of Wilder verges on the irrational — is a phenomenon of even greater interest to the political psychologist than to the student of the droll vagaries of public literary taste. Of American writers since the twenties, Wilder seems least touched by the social, intellectual and psychological currents of actual America. The image of America presented to Europeans by *Our Town* is pastoral, complacent, coy, charming and entirely unreal. Neither *Main Street* nor *Winesburg, Ohio*, not to mention Wolfe's Altamont or Faulkner's Jefferson, presents the Germans, committed irrevocably as they are to a long and painful military and political alliance with America, with a sufficiently reassuring setting of The Old Folks at Home. But Grover's Corners is a comfort. How pleasant

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to realize that, although hoodlums are in charge at Little Rock, the good little people of Grover's Corners are one's real allies.

AGAIN, in the melioristic suggestions at the end of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, in the implication that all fatal and shameful disasters work out somehow for the best, in the emphasis on a vague, unfocused "Love" as the solution to the most embarrassing metaphysical and theological problems, the German, yoked now like a dwarf Siamese twin to the American giant, can find the comfort he requires. After all—the disaster of 1945 led directly to the Economic Miracle, didn't it?

Finally, the vitalistic cosmic optimism of *The Skin of Our Teeth* provides the contemporary German with the psychological reassurance he demands. Shocked and terrified by the situation in which he finds himself as the primary European target of bombs dispatched from opposite directions, the middle-class German reader flees to the lap of Wilder, who provides two assurances: first, that the citizens of Grover's Corners are too instinctively decent ever to fire off a missile with a real warhead; and second, that if the bombs should begin going off, it won't make so much difference anyway, since, as Mr. Antrobus himself says, after the Broadway Armageddon which he is permitted to survive, "All I ask is the chance to build new worlds, and God has always given us that."

This use of Wilder as a mode of psychic consolation betrays the German's pathetic belief in an America which becomes less believable every day. What is more pathetic is the German's compulsion to construct in his imagination a model of the kind of America, cleansed, purified, "spiritual," in which he now can believe. The Wilder vogue in Germany is thus significant of the postwar condition of the German psyche which, after wallowing from 1933 until 1945 in brute political realities, now hankers as violently after the spiritual, the disembodied and the ideal.

Two Sides to a Tycoon

SWOPE OF G. E. By David Loth. Simon & Schuster. 309 pp. $5.

Carl Dreher

THE social critic, the dissenter, the prophet may be vindicated in the aftertime, but it is not within their power to decide what shall be done or left undone in the here and now. In our setup the crucial decisions are made by big businessmen or, under usual circumstances, at least with their consent. The lives of these disposers therefore merit serious study; unfortunately, as commonly written up, they emerge so filled with pomp and pretense that it is hard to separate meaning from triviality. This book by Gerard Swope's journalist-friend is an exception. Its manner, reflecting Swope's old-fashioned reserve, is perhaps too constrained, but the facts are presented and interpreted with professional competence and more candor than is customary in official or semi-official biographies.

If one chooses to regard the mature Swope merely as the third president of the General Electric Company and the pre-G.E. Swope as merely the pupal stage of the mature Swope, his life can be epitomized in terms which make him indistinguishable from the conventional business climber.

Swope rode the wave of electrification in the factory, the highway and the home. His first permanent job was with the Western Electric Company in Chicago. Seeing where the main chance lay, he soon switched from engineering to selling. In 1905 he was appointed sales manager of the machinery division, and five years later he had been moved to New York as general sales manager of Western Electric, and shortly thereafter, vice-president and general manager of International Western Electric. By 1910 his reputation as an organizer, troubleshooter, and administrative spark plug had taken on national proportions.

During World War I Swope pretty much ran the Service of Supply as a dollar-a-year man under General G. W. Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal. When the war ended he accepted the presidency of the International General Electric Company. Three years later Charles A. Coffin, the first president of G. E. and at seventy-seven still the chief executive officer, persuaded the board of directors to elect Swope as president, with Owen D. Young, who had been vice-president and general counsel, as chairman of the board.

Swope and Young reigned, with Swope doing most of the work, from 1922 to 1939, when they retired together. They returned as a caretaker government when President Roosevelt asked Swope's successor, Charles E. Wilson ("Electric Charlie," to be distinguished from "Engine Charlie") to become vice-chairman of the War Production Board.

SO FAR: a conventionally successful career, based on ability, perseverance, and getting to be known by the right people. Now look at some other sides of what turns out to be a more complex personality than the business résumé would indicate. Gerard Swope was the son of German immigrants, Isaac and Ida Swope. His maternal grandfather was the chief rabbi of Thuringia. During the period of his ascent and ascendancy, an unwritten law barred Jews from engineering and executive jobs in the great industrial corporations. But not this Jew.

And: Swope was not only an industrial rationalizer and innovator, but a persistent do-gooder from youth to old age. Soon after moving to Chicago to work for Western Electric, he became a teacher and resident at Hull House, the settlement which Jane Addams and Ellen Gates Starr started in the West Side slums in 1889. As tough and preoccupied a businessman as ever lived, Swope never shed the Hull House philosophy and carried it into practice whenever he saw a chance to combine reform with good business. Some of his associates regarded him as a radical and, compared for instance with Elbert H. Gary, he was. At the same time he was so safe and sane, and governed his business domains with such a single aim to profit, that he was never penalized for his liberalism, and in the later stages of his career, as events caught up with him, it proved an asset.

Swope's politics were consistent with these principles. In 1912 he supported Woodrow Wilson and expressed approval of the policies which resulted in the Federal Reserve System, the Federal Trade Commission, exemption of labor from the anti-trust laws, and the eight-hour day, first for railroad workers, then for all labor. Later, during the Great Depression which these reforms did not avert, Swope evolved the plan which carried his name and many features of

CARL DREHER spent many years as an engineer before he turned to writing. His latest book is Automation.

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which were adopted by the National Recovery Administration. Struck down by the Supreme Court because of its potentially dangerous features, the N.R.A. did embody recognition of the principle of organized national action against the depression at a time when powerful interests were as much opposed to it as they are now for it. As Charles and Mary Beard said, Swope "had shaken the pillars of respectability for the season and thrown a burning brand of thought into the very center of complacency."

He was careful not to bring down the roof. He cut the payroll like any socially unconscious executive and in 1931 had a profit available for dividends of $41 million. "On the average," Loth comments, "it still was safer to be a General Electric stockholder than a General Electric worker."

Still, Swope advocated social security, unemployment insurance and other New Deal measures and, seeing it coming in any case, he was receptive to trade unionism in the G. E. plants and overruled parochial managers who were not. He voted for Wendell Willkie in 1940 after begging Franklin D. Roosevelt to respect the two-term tradition, but in 1944 abandoned it himself and once more voted for Roosevelt.

After Swope's first retirement, Fiorello La Guardia persuaded him to accept the chairmanship of the New York City Housing Authority. During his administration the number of rooms in the projects rose from 8,000 to almost 37,000 and the average rental per room per year was reduced from $105 to under $85. He resigned from this and other civic posts to do government work during World War II. After his second resignation from G.E., and again at the suggestion of La Guardia, he joined the board of the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York. "Scornful," Loth says, "of those who argued that it was a step toward socialized medicine," he was still an active director at the time of his death.

SWOPE realized, as did Roosevelt, that a liberal policy would best serve to preserve capitalism, but beyond expediency and calculation he appears to have had genuine humanitarian and libertarian impulses. The one time he came under serious fire he stood his ground admirably. He had long been a friend of Edward C. Carter, the chief organizer of the Institute of Pacific Relations in 1926. In 1949, Swope accepted the chairmanship of the American branch of the Institute. In the same year the Chinese Communists completed their conquest of the mainland and the McCarthy-McCarran witch hunt was intensified. McCarran attacked the Institute as an organization infiltrated, if not dominated, by Reds.

McCarran was not such a fool as to subpoena Swope or anyone who could have given the Institute's side of the story. Notably temperate in speech, Swope called the charges "outrageous" and said at a press conference that if the day ever came when it would not be possible for a group like the Institute "to seek and publish facts without fear of political reprisal . . . something essential to the American way of life will have been lost." When timid vice-presidents in charge of public relations discontinued their companies' contributions to the Institute, Swope went straight to the presidents, informed them that G. E. was continuing its financial support, and persuaded them to do likewise. Loth says truly that "the ruthless drive for conformity by smear and intimidation" was curbed by men and women who took a stand like Swope's. One cannot say that it took no courage, for many as safe as Swope ran for cover.

Opinions will differ on Swope's place in industrial and economic history. To the ultra-conservative it will seem that he yielded too much to the internal enemy: he could not be accused of treason to the class which assimilated him, but it is only necessary to compare Swope with others who have arrived to appreciate to what an extent he remained his own man. To the Socialist it will seem that Swope did no more than fight a delaying action and left behind more problems than he found.

Perhaps the key to his significance lies in T. K. Quinn's remark that Swope had his own standards of morals and values, without any interest in social theories. But social theories are as important to society as scientific and technological theories are to industry. If this is true, and the truth is faced, it can be argued that America's destiny is to produce, with the same zeal as if it were a complex technological project, an indigenous, democratic form of socialism which would enable us to compete on better than even terms with the Soviet Union. The world might prove as eager to emulate us in such an achievement as it has been to adopt our industrial schema. Of course the groups with which Swope — and Franklin D. Roosevelt — affiliated themselves will have none of that. But the attempt should be made. If this hypothesis is accepted, what we are waiting for is someone with Swope's force and resolution, but a larger ambition than to be a corporation president.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Criticism

EACH generation must write not only its own books but its own criticism of its books and, if there is time, as when invention slackens, its own appraisal of its own situation. Hence in a month: Malcolm Cowley's *The Literary Situation* (Compass Books, $1.25), Maxwell Geismar's *American Moderns* (Hill and Wang, $1.95; cloth, $3.95), and John W. Aldridge's *After the Lost Generation* (Noonday, $1.45). Though they cover much the same ground and agree on such ideas as that expressed in Mr. Geismar's subtitle, "From Rebellion to Conformity," they complement each other rather than overlap, and the difference in the ages of the writers adds interest to their views. As Mr. Aldridge says of his own book, the writers' points of view are part of the history they present.

Mr. Cowley's *The Literary Situation* is fullest of the three, treating criticism, fiction, the whole range of a writer's interests indeed, and the prospects for the next half century. He covers all aspects of the writer's life and work with the familiarity, concern and sympathy of an uncle, somewhat discursively but with a very clear vision.

Mr. Geismar combines reprinted periodical reviews and ten new articles into a remarkably successful unit of three large parts, including "Newcomers," as neither of the reprints can. A *Nation* article of 1955, "Decline of the Classic Moderns," states his theme, that the generation of Hemingway, Faulkner, Dos Passos and Steinbeck has lost its creative power. Elsewhere he adds that nothing has quite replaced them.

Mr. Aldridge's book is subtitled "A Critical Study of the Writers of Two Wars," by which he means novelists of those periods, whatever their subjects. He is younger, more personally involved, and more earnest than either Cowley or Geismar.

But, except as Mr. Cowley was writing social history instead of criticism, the tone of the three books is the same. "Going back . . . is rather like going back to the house where you lived as a child and finding it smaller and somehow less substantial than you always remembered it." That is Mr. Aldridge on Hemingway, but any of the trio might have said it about nearly any of the older generation of writers. As for the future, Mr. Aldridge especially, as

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one of the younger writers, is concerned with the necessity for establishing a new union of values, point of view and technique of the sort which, in Mr. Geismar's opinion, makes *The Wall* John Hersey's best book; but moral and political chaos, materialism and the absence of any generally agreed point of view make the repetition of Hersey's success difficult. Multiple influences, they say, encourage conformity and mediocrity; as Mr. Cowley points out, even a favorable factor like the popularizing of good writing in paperbacks is potentially dangerous and is certainly accompanied by popularization of much trash.

Poetry

An encouraging variety of poetry is being made available in paperbacks. Among anthologies, W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson's five-volume *Poets of the English Language* (Viking Portables, $1.45 ea.), freshly selected, sensitive, knowing and respectful of poetry and its readers, has exceptional range and quality. These beautiful and comfortable books include British and American poets from Chaucer to Yeats, even Henryson, William Alabaster and Melville; and the introductions by Mr. Auden are incisive, illuminating, compact as an egg. New translations too are excellent. *Poems From the Greek Anthology in English Paraphrase* by Dudley Fitts (New Directions, $1) and *Sappho: A New Translation* by Mary Barnard; foreword by Mr. Fitts (California, $1.50) are managed with great wit and suggestiveness, and the commentaries are brief and pointed. The *Sappho* is complete except for a few fragments; the *Anthology* includes 141 pieces.

Illuminations and Other Prose Poems by Arthur Rimbaud, revised edition (translated by Louise Varèse, New Directions, $1.25), and *Poems* of Jules Laforgue (translated by Patricia Terry, California, $1.50) present original and translation on facing pages. Chronologically, all of Rimbaud is adolescent. In *Illuminations*, his most important work, he is torn by inner discord, "baffled . . . frustrated . . . a challenge" (*Rimbaud* by C. A. Hackett, Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought, Hilary House, cloth, $2), and he aggressively rejects and reshapes the world as he was soon to renounce poetry. Miss Varèse is a restrained, scholarly editor and sensitive translator.

In America Laforgue is known best at second hand through his influence on Ezra Pound, the early T. S. Eliot and Hart Crane. At twenty-one he wrote "Funeral March for the Death of the Earth," which with other poems of *Le Sanglot de la Terre* broached his only themes—death, a world of ephemeral farce played by man who is miserable to no purpose, a demand that space show signs of life. If his remaining six years' production now seems monotonous, it is partly because of Prufrock and other offspring. Mrs. Terry provides interesting critical notes; her translations are often resourceful, though the opposed originals are sometimes embarrassing.

See also the older *Selected Writings of Jules Laforgue* by William J. Smith (Evergreen, $1.75); *The Complete Poems* of Hart Crane (Anchor, 95c), reviewed in *The Nation*, February 15; *Selected Poems* of Ezra Pound, a New Edition (New Directions, $1.15) with a good sampling of all his work, including 85 pages of the *Cantos*; *Collected Poems* and *One Foot in Eden* by Edwin Muir (Evergreen, $1.75 and $1.45); *Selected Poems* by Lawrence Durrell (Evergreen, $1.25); *Selected Poems* by Oscar Williams (Clarke & Way, $1.45); Goethe's *Faust* Part I (New Directions, $1.15), a new American version based on the translation of C. F. McIntyre.

Miscellaneous

Under Milk Wood by Dylan Thomas (New Directions, $1), a "play for voices" chiefly in a subtly rhythmical prose, is Thomas' last work, the tender, whimsical, homely story of a spring day in a small Welsh town of universal application.

The Creative Experiment by C. M. Bowra (Evergreen, $1.75; cloth, $3.50), carrying on after *The Heritage of Symbolism*, examines the objectives of European poetry from 1910 to about 1930 in a substantial opening chapter and studies selected aspects of Cavafy, Apollinaire, Mayakovsky, Pasternak, Eliot, Lorca and Alberti.

Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel by Robert Humphrey (California, $1.25) is a scholarly investigation of the functions, techniques, devices and forms as developed chiefly by Joyce, Virginia Woolf and Faulkner.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: Four by Carson McCullers (Bantam): *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* (50c), *The Member of the Wedding*, *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe* (35c ea.); *The Short Reign of Pippin IV* by John Steinbeck (Bantam, 35c); *Eight Great Comedies*, Aristophanes to Shaw; with brief essays and bibliography (Mentor, 50c); *Charlemagne* by Harold Lamb (Bantam, 50c); *How to Understand Music* by Oscar Thompson (Premier, 50c).

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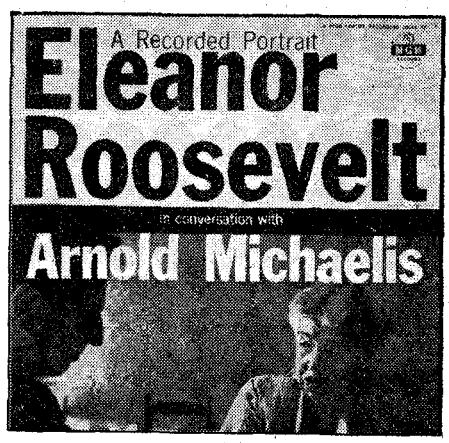

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

JEANMAIRE with the *Ballets de Paris* (Broadway Theatre) is jolly, piquant, attractive. The sets by Clave for the company's most successful ballet *Carmen* (sets which one of our daily reviewers once called amateurish) are masterpieces. There are other excellent dancers with the *Ballets de Paris*. The show as a whole is pleasurable.

But the evening I enjoyed most this season — more than all ten of the best plays—was that of the Muscovite Moiseyev Dance Company. My enthusiasm seems to be universal. It has been many years since I have heard such excited applause and cheering at any theatrical occasion in New York. Part of this demonstrativeness may be quasi-political or super propaganda. The audience hopes to make everyone feel that the tensions of diplomatic relations in no way affect the cordiality of its sentiments toward Russians as people—especially when these people are superb artists.

Transcending this cheerful consideration is the fact that the combination of vigor with innocence, perfect technical proficiency with smiling heartiness, physical exuberance with youthful elation releases in our (American) hearts a particular spring of fervor. The qualities which these dancers possess are not only the qualities we most admire but those we like to claim as our own when we feel ourselves to be at our best. It may be said without sentimentality that these Russians on the stage arouse in our audiences a kinship, a certain sense of "brotherhood."

Besides the qualities I have mentioned, which might be achieved by any group of brilliant dancers, there are others even more important. The good humor and healthy playfulness of most of the members are a token of an expansive fresh air humanity which is the most immediate impression one receives. There is also a gratifying (and unboastful) virility in the male dancers conjoined with a rare, robust yet gentle femininity in the women.

In most modern ballet companies the women appear to be trained to function as men. The result is literally overpowering and sometimes frightening. In the Moiseyev company one feels that the women—radiant as apples—are happy to be the more than adequate base for the men's boundless energy. There is no "war of the sexes" here, but a natural consummation and completion. Sensuality as such is wholly absent.

A sense of togetherness is the outstanding virtue of the entire event. I do not refer to the teamwork which, it goes without saying, is characteristic of all great troupes. I mean that the distinguishing mark of the company's art is its communality, a collectivism which is not merely organizational but organic: the individuals achieve freedom, power and pleasure through their being a group, sharing common sentiments, living one life, experiencing a creative unity. All the ensemble dances seem to begin or end as if the people who compose the unit did not feel themselves altogether secure or alive until they had touched one another in the proximity of a tight formation—like a fist or a flower.

All this might strike one as a superior sort of folk athletics if it were not for the unerringly picturesque and dramatic sense of the theatre—typically Russian—which the director Ivan Moiseyev has given all the dances.

The high point of his theatrical artistry is the number called "Partisans" which represents people riding to battle in some lonely region at night. We see soldiers moving (as if on horseback) in a strangely fleet and compelling rhythm to the fray. The number is built like a play: mysterious and suspenseful at the beginning, mounting in confidence with always a touch of friendly humor—an all-embracing friendliness informs everything—and ending in a climax of furious power that is an ecstasy of zeal.

This is theatre at one of its true peaks: entertainment which is a dithyramb of movement and meaning, a celebration through the body of a people's soul, a rite, a festivity, an explosive affirmation of fulfillment in the drama of life.

Edelweiss

Went up after the rare thing for love
Of rarity over the bird warmed trees
Where all things, ice white in blue space, blazed
In wind so bright the climber burns to move,

Not lower my noble white flower than this last rim.
I bore it down to the valley for a light;
My girl and her sisters wanted it like fate.
The red companionable rose I bought for them . . .

Not this bloom that the cramponing climber greets
In danger flowering purer than love dares:
To get nothing, to give nothing appears
Terrible from any view but one last height.
Few singled figures are home in heavenward ice
And none there so much at home as edelweiss.

LEONARD NATHAN

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

SINCE Julius Rudel took over the directorship of the New York City Opera Company, things have been buzzing. At present writing, the company is somewhere near the half-way mark in a five-week season of American opera, and this project, regardless of the final critical judgment, is one of the most valuable I can imagine. Aided by $105,000 of Ford Foundation money, Mr. Rudel has mounted a series of ten musico-theatrical works, all relatively new, and two of them (*The Ballad of Baby Doe*, by Douglas Moore and *The Good Soldier Schweik*, by Robert Kurka) previously unperformed in New York. Kurt Weill's *Lost in the Stars*, of which I shall say something later, has proved such a box-office success that the season has been extended an extra week for it alone.

But Rudel's imagination has not rested with the presentation of an unusual operatic season. As a musician who came up through the ranks at the City Center, working his way from rehearsal pianist to conductor and finally to general director, he is aware of the American composer's lack of opportunity for first-hand experience in opera. After all, how many opera houses do we have? In how many cities does an American composer have a chance even to attend an opera production, let alone to spend enough time before or behind the footlights to get the "feel" of the thing into his head and hands? Many of the almost 200 scores that were examined in preparation for this season represented so much wasted effort. Their composers, Mr. Rudel suspects, "had never been

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inside a real opera house, and certainly not backstage."

To remedy this situation insofar as that could be possible in a five-week season, the director has given a group of thirty young composers carte-blanche to wander in and out of the City Center's rehearsal rooms, observing soloists, choruses, orchestra and stage directors at work; asking questions, and receiving a few prepared lectures by members of the staff. It is immensely instructive to these young men. One of them, a composer beginning to be known for his orchestral works, told me that he learned more about opera in the days he spent at the City Center (usually from ten in the morning until eleven at night) than he did in a year of being assistant conductor in a touring professional opera company. Another still younger musician, a student of mine, has not been available for a composition lesson since the season began. Such reactions tell me that, whatever the other values of this season, Julius Rudel has gone to the heart of the matter—the composer—and is getting tremendous mileage from his money. It is important to realize this, for some negative criticisms will be lodged against the City Center's season. As it progresses, I note some tendencies with which I do not agree and which I feel must be spoken about. It would be a pity if the Ford Foundation, having applied funds to a really practical, creative project, should react badly to criticisms of the season. But it would be an equal pity if criticism should hobble or distort itself for fear of dislodging this necessary foundation support.

AND NOW, to get down to the three operas I have so far attended: Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe;* Kurt Weill's *Lost in the Stars;* and Marc Blitzstein's *Regina.* Of the three, the Moore work is the only one that stems from a purely operatic impulse. Its text (by John Latouche) is an opera libretto, not a play. It, and the music, sing; it plays in the manner of true opera, with ample time taken out for arias and set-pieces, each of which advances the dramatic import of the venture. On the two occasions I have heard *The Ballad of Baby Doe* (one on TV), I have been tremendously impressed with the stature achieved in the character of Augusta, the first wife and wise adviser to the silver magnate, Horace Tabor, who was divorced by him when he fell in love with the sweet but simple Baby Doe. In the creation of this character (and to a slightly lesser extent, the character of Horace Tabor), Moore and Latouche have done what I believe is necessary in opera: they have erected a human image of sufficient affective amplitude to justify the slowing of dramatic action to a point where song can enrich it. Moore's music itself is mild in idiom and more simplified than I wish it were. But his creative impulse is genuinely operatic, not oriented toward "show-biz." His Augusta is not quite a Tosca, but she has sufficient stature to remain in the mind months after one has heard the opera. By contrast with the TV version of *Baby Doe,* which was possibly abbreviated, the staged presentation bogs down a bit through its many small, additive scenes. That is a theatrical problem, and I think the work could stand some cropping and welding together. But just as it stands, it is real, lusty, bona fide opera.

WEILL'S *Lost in the Stars* is not opera at all. Nor was the composer more than nominally, by late-date naturalization, an American, so I don't see how this work can be fitted into a framework of "American opera." It was probably programmed for box-office reasons, and since it has proved so popular, I shall not complain. But let us not either confuse the issue by pretending that a play which is fifty per cent spoken, in which the music is incidental, contributing neither to the expansion of the characters nor to the furthering of the plot, is an opera. *Lost in the Stars* is a good show, and it is perhaps dragging in the Broadway crowd at the moderate City Center prices. But that will not help the cause of American opera unless the same group is willing to support opera itself—*real* opera.

Blitzstein's *Regina* is in many ways the most complex concoction of the three, since it tries to be a serious opera and a Broadway success at the same time, has evolved for itself a subtle and complicated medium, and has moderated its success as an opera only by attempting so many things and some which are imcompatible. Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes* simply begs to be made into opera. But Blitzstein, whatever changes he may have made in the original verbiage of the play, saddled himself with more text than a normal libretto would contain. His device of having the characters fluctuate between speaking and singing at a moment's notice, interpolating a spoken word or two, or a short sentence, into a line of melody, is effective in that it keeps the play moving strongly in a prose sense, and yet allows for a preponderance of singing. It creates, actually, a mosaic of speech, song and action in which pieces of all sizes, even arias, can be fitted into context. At the same time, probably in order not to disrupt the texture of this mosaic too much and the prose flow as well, the composer limited his use of long, straightforward solos. With the exception of Birdie's aria, far along in the opera, nobody really sets his heels into the floor and sings his heart out. Regina talks and sings and stalks the stage like a beast of prey. But she does not, for a sufficient moment, simply stop and amplify her personality through melody.

Blitzstein's music, too, betrays an ambivalence which I believe is well-nigh inescapable when a composer with a serious gift aspires to a Broadway genre success. Real opera has never been a Broadway commodity. The musical show has been, but that form lives on ideas of light character, which are incapable of projecting deep, sober emotions. When a work such as *Regina* tries to maintain the prose values of a successful Broadway play and its original type of appeal, while at the same time bringing it over into the realm of serious opera, the odds are stacked against the composer's total success. In order not to ruin the play, techniques must be adopted which may inhibit elevated musical expression. If the opera is to be presented before a pre-

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dominantly Broadway audience, it must also, I should think, keep its ideas within a frame of reference bearing some relationship to the Broadway tradition. This would mean a lightening of the music's emotional qualities and a satisfying of the audience's desire for entertainment, as opposed to edification, fulfillment, or whatever it may be that constitutes an æsthetic experience. *Regina* really rises to operatic heights of intensity only in Birdie's self-revelatory aria. At other times, it hovers handsomely on the brink.

New Cantata

Lester Trimble, The Nation's *music critic, could hardly be expected to review the works of Lester Trimble, composer. We therefore reprint comment by Edward Downes which appeared in* The New York Times *of April 21:*

> An enchanting new cantata by Lester Trimble based on four fragments from *The Canterbury Tales* was the highpoint of three premières presented late yesterday afternoon [Sunday, April 20] at the Ninety-second Street Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association [in New York City] . . .
>
> Mr. Trimble's cantata, set for soprano, harpsichord, flute and clarinet, has the breath of spring in it. It echoes the nimble wit as well as the lyricism of Chaucer's poetry.
>
> It reflects the characters of the knight, the young squire and the wife of Bath with warmth and with the delightful combination of sophistication and innocence associated with Chaucer. Dorothy Renzi sang the solo part with charm and the piece made a hit with the audience. . . .

Keraunograph

Night-piercing, whitely illuminant,
The lightning flees but leaves
A pale secret of trees in leaping
Attitudes.

Mind scars in the storm's disclosure:
This is no image of a peopled
Forest.

Earth in its power exultant,
Clamant in praises, unweariable,
Sufficient.

Such scars are deep. We, the brief
Strangers, wondering at our loneliness,
Catch sight of the local mysteries,
The rites uninterrupted by our arrival
Or departure.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ADMIRABLE taste and eloquent acting have made a charming picture of *The Red and the Black*. If the adjective seems odd, it is nonetheless just. Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, two of France's most deft screen writers, and Claude Autant-Lara, a director of ingenuity and wit, have conspired to make a lovely, lively and yearning romance of Stendhal's savage classic. The shift is the easier because Stendhal's irony is cloaked in velvet—they have removed the steel and show the sensuous fabric.

And this happens even though, as the producers could point out, many key statements and key situations are brought over from the novel. Much, of course, has been left behind — particularly the ecclesiastical maneuverings of which Julien Sorel was both the beneficiary and the victim. The picture thus evades the anti-clericalism that was one prong of Stendhal's attack; this in itself greatly lightens the tone, and also lends an unmeant air of mystery to Sorel's rapid displacements of fortune. But Sorel's hypocrisy, his peasant strategy, his cold estimate of what he owes himself as a hero born too late for Bonaparte's legions, is explicitly stated.

The statements don't "take" because the environment of the film won't support them. Stendhal says of the Faubourg Saint-Germain town house owned by the Marquis de la Mole that it was "as depressing as it was magnificent . . . the native heath of boredom and dreary argument." What the film shows is a décor of quiet, happy, excellently cultivated luxury. The marquis' home enchanted Sorel, and it could be explained that the picture reflects that enchantment. But Julien was not enchanted by the seminary at Besançon, and yet its chambers might have been designed by Matisse. The eye will not accept rancor in such settings.

And so with the acting. Everyone has commented on how well Gerard Philipe gratifies one's mental image of Julien Sorel. So he does, but the resemblance is one of person, not of manner or motive. Philipe is an actor of uncommon gifts, but they are gifts for passion, grace and wit. He can look whimsical, he relishes persiflage, he can behave like a heedless romantic, but he cannot—or at least he does not—look calculating or gauche. Even when he says "now I calculate," the viewer knows that the dear boy is in a transport of amorous adventure.

Antonella Lauldi as Mathilde is in much the same situation. Here is no forced bloom of aristocracy, heated by the constrictions of her life into an illness of chivalric romance. She looks and acts like a girl who seizes the chance of love with the strength of her roistering ancestors; there is something familiarly American about her behavior—and she is spared that terrible consummation of neuroticism at the end of the book when Mathilde carries the severed head of her lover to its mountain grave. Danielle Darrieux may come some closer to Stendhal's Madame de Reval, though again the grasp on love, however unrealistic, seems healthier than the book intended. The picture — in scene and character — is overwhelmingly good looking; it exhales a joy in life that quite sweeps aside the implications. Thus it is a great pleasure to watch. This sort of travesty usually makes me angry; this time it doesn't because, I guess, the film makers have done their work with such zest. I'm not really satisfied, but it would seem prudish to be petulent in the face of so much skill and style.

A MUCH less formidable project is translating Colette to the screen. It is being done all the time and *Mitsou*, though it looks to be one of her less original notions, is a fresh lark. Colette gets her effects by reversing conventional images. Mitsou (Danielle Delorme) is a *bal tabarin* dancer, the *petite amie* of a wealthy, indulgent man of affairs. She is bored but well enough reconciled to her fortunes until, one evening, she meets a handsome lieutenant in a blue uniform (this is Paris, World War I). Then, such tears, this knowing girl of the boulevards finds that she does not know how to convey the absolutely new, absolutely pure love she feels. The fine lieutenant is offended by her rude manners, by a directness of speech that betrays a kind of innocence he is too innocent to recognize. There is estrangement and desolation; but there is also help from a marvelously unexpected quarter (unexpected, that is, if you know nothing of the joys of French boudoir farce). The man of affairs can deny his sweetheart nothing —not even the lieutenant her heart demands. Coaches are hired, decorators are called in, a quick *gamin* mind is quickly stocked and, presto, a *petite amie* becomes a *jeune fille*. Very silly—*Pygmalion is* very silly—but fetching.

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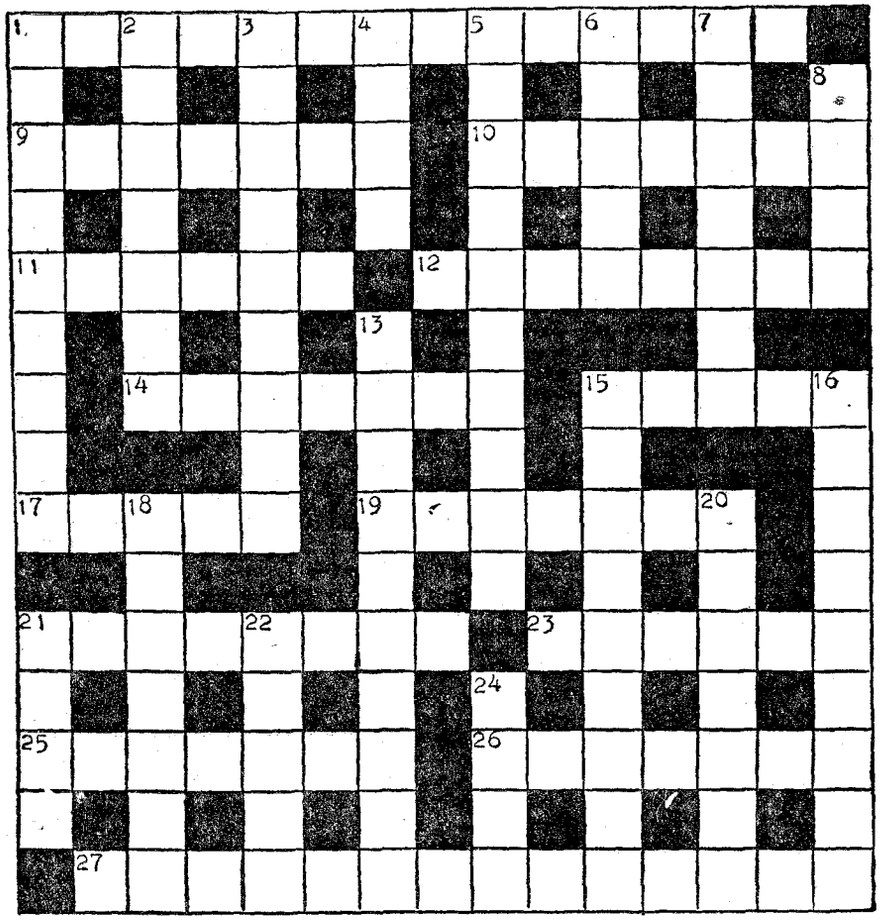
Crossword Puzzle No. 770

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One might not know how it's going to come out as an extension on the attic. (9, 5)
9 In other words, at one — joined together. (7)
10 Zeus, as worshiped in Egypt, brings back the best solution. (7)
11 Ante in a couple of samples, rather than repair ahead of time. (6)
12 Sheds tears about a girl associated with garden walls, perhaps. (8)
14 and 15 Just the buckboard for an Australian ranch! (7, 5)
17 Fed at the table by those who feel lucky? (5)
19 A limited estate of inheritance implies a chiropodist might help. (3, 4)
21 Silent, silent, burial place. (8)
23 and 2 down Young lads with tools for delicate cutting? (6, 7)
25 Used by those full of care. (7)
26 Perhaps compounded of a 15 down statement. (7)
27 Most sensible, he seems, gaiety itself! (14)

DOWN:

1 Might cause a bad car hold-up, but shouldn't prove expensive. (5-4)
2 See 23 across
3 I'm a soldier with not one fictitious make-up. (9)
4 and 8 down What some people trade in might have scared us. (4, 4)
5 One might easily pass for a late campanologist. (4, 6)
6 Shakespearean Athenian. (5)
7 Are some politicians supposed to be this scared? (7)
8 See 4 down
13 The thing Lucy made in going? (10)
15 Awe is more tedious, however. (9)
16 Certainly not a base quality. (9)
18 Sort of square, and real touching. (7)
20 What might the French be doing about Greek framework? (7)
21 Taken in as part of Robin's band? (4)
22 Subject to torsion. (5)
24 This river is sort of 26, mid-off. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 769

ACROSS: 1 GAMUTS; 5 AIGLET; 9 EARWIGS; 11 WIGWAM; 12 ILL-USE; 13 SWINDLE; 14 ARID; 17 TESS; 19 and 10 WEE WILLIE WINKIE; 22 FORUM; 23 LEEDS; 25 MILDEW; 26 WICKED; 27 RIGID; 29 ORDER; 31 SENESCH AL; 34 USER; 36 KALE; 37 DIVISOR; 39 THREAD; 40 AISLES; 41 TEASERS; 42 RASHER; 43 DEBTOR. DOWN: 1 GEWGAW; 2 MAGPIE; 3 TEAS; 4 SAM WELLER; 5 AGILE; 6 ISLE; 7 LOUDER; 8 THEISM; 15 REAMERS; 16 DWELLER; 17 TOPKICK; 18 SUNDIAL; 20 LEWIS; 21 EDWIN; 24 SIDEBOARD; 28 GENIUS; 29 OUSTER; 30 DEBRIS; 32 HAMLET; 33 LESSER; 35 RIDER; 37 DATE; 38 RISE.

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